

# COUNTRY LIFE

**THE** JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

VOL. III.—No. 55. [REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER] SATURDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1898.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,  
BY POST 6½d.]



Photo, by LAFAYETTE,

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IN the last few miles of traps I found that I had nearly added a valuable skin to the excellent results of the day. The silver fox was formerly among the furs most prized by the wealthy Russian buyers of choice furs. Readers of the late Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle's adventures in crossing the North-West Territory will recollect their anxiety to get a silver fox's skin, and the extraordinary caution and cleverness of the animal. When, after weeks of effort, they did catch a silver fox, they found to their disgust that a wolverine had visited the trap before them, and eaten the animal, leaving only patches of fur. I had not caught a silver fox, but recognised its tracks, and incidentally saw evidence of its extreme cunning and wariness. The track was much smaller than that of the common fox, and was easily recognised. By one trap I saw where it had wandered round and round the tempting bait, until it had worn a hard track in a circle on the snow. But fear was stronger than hunger. He could smell the iron of the trap, and would not set foot in the tainted circle. Further on he had burrowed straight down through three feet of snow, and had brought up an old bone, so keen is their sense of smell. A wolf had behaved in much the same manner, but had kept even further from danger. I knew I should stand little chance of getting the wolf, but if I could find a warm spring, where there was no ice, by setting a trap below water, with a piece of moss over the pan just above water, and a tempting grouse dangling from a stick further out, the fox, rather than wet a foot, would tread daintily upon the dry moss. But no spring being at hand, I was forced to try another plan—by setting a small tree, balanced near the centre, lashed to a convenient growing one, the heavy end poised aloft, the light end fastened down two feet above the trail, with a string noose attached, surrounded lightly by bush, so that if either fox or lynx came along it must run its head into the loop, and be instantly lifted aloft and hanged. Constantly throughout the day ruffed grouse would dash out of the snow beside the trail, where, secreted in a little entirely covered in burrow, they rendered themselves an easy prey to prowling animals.

In good time I reached the last trap, and felt relieved at having the means of spending the night where I was, for besides the wolverine, lynx, fisher, otter, and skunk which I had left on



TROUT-FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

the trail, together with another lynx, I had fourteen sable and mink, most of them not too much frozen to skin that night.

After three-quarters of an hour with the axe collecting dead trees and fetching in some cariboo meat hanging hard by, it became dark by the time I had picked sufficient fir-tips for a comfortable bed and arranged a night's shelter. With a blazing hot fire the sable and mink, wrapped in the bag to keep off sparks, were thoroughly thawed out by the time I had finished my supper, and before rolling myself up for the night all were skinned ready for stretching on my return home. What with intense cold and having constantly to make up the fire, I felt no desire to wait for dawn before starting back next morning.

The following evening was spent in skinning and stretching the large animals after which I had sent the boy with the toboggan. All skins, with the exception of beaver, are stripped off, as in the case of the sable, and stretched on a split board, which is pushed up them and prised open with a wedge.



"A FISHER" TRAPPED.

It will be observed that so long as fur is plentiful the trapper's life is a busy one for the short time it lasts, but towards the dead of winter everything seems to disappear. What becomes of the larger animals I do not know, but sable no longer travel above the snow—all their hunting is done below among fallen timber, where mice are plentiful; and mink work in the same fashion, only under the ice along the river margin, where the shrunken water has left them ample space for trout. Thus, in what is called the dead of winter, trapping is unremunerative, although fair results may be obtained by catching beaver under the ice. This may be done in two ways—either by trapping, or by nets.

In trapping a hole has to be chopped with an axe through some two feet of ice, and a trap set upon a platform about two feet below the water. Over this is placed a green willow stem, which the beavers quickly find and get caught while gnawing it off. With nets it is necessary to have previous knowledge of the dam, so as to be acquainted with the play-holes in the bank, although they may be found by sounding. In front of these apertures, through holes in the ice, the net has to be passed along and fixed; then the inhabitants of some neighbouring beaver lodge are driven away by a hole chopped through, or the noise alone will sometimes be sufficient to cause them to seek safety in their play-holes. Bells are attached to the nets, which ring when a beaver strikes, and no time must be lost in hauling it up, or the animal will quickly cut itself free. In these lakes there are often quantities of trout, which can readily be caught with a baited hook through the ice. The sport scarcely repays the discomfort, but the change of diet is appreciated.

Towards spring fur-bearing animals reappear once more, but



A BEAR IN A DEAD-FALL.

the catch is of short duration, and by the end of March, first the lynx begins to look shabby, quickly followed by the ermine donning his brown coat, and the sable become heavy in young, whilst all fur, after a few days' hot sun, at this period commences to "slip." No one except an Indian would leave his traps down after observing these signs. Besides, a busy period is at hand with the bears, which may be expected out any day. First comes the grizzly, hungry and savage, quickly followed by his black and brown cousin. Bears are so difficult to find, and are actually so plentiful, that to trap them is quite legitimate for the fur-hunter. As soon as the yellow flower of the as yet leafless skunk cabbage shoots forth from some snow-denuded spot,



I HAD HIS SKIN HOME BY FOUR O'CLOCK.

so soon may the black bears be expected from their three months' seclusion beneath the snow. The ordinary method of snaring bears, apart from the steel trap, is by means of a balanced tree, the heavy butt being supported in the air by two smaller trees, placed under it, A fashion, leaning against one another. The noose is composed of bears' entrails twisted and dried. When the bear runs his head into this he seems to imagine the bush is impeding him, and forces forward with sufficient strength to dislodge the two small trees. The butt then falls, and the light end lifts the bear off his fore legs, and in his wild efforts to free himself he quickly chokes. The dead-fall for bear is practically the same as that set for sable. The upper tree is supported by one stick standing upon another, which protrudes inwards, and is baited with a deer. The whole is kept in position by conveniently-growing trees, while to add further to the weight another tree is placed across. The only means of approach is from the front, as the back is filled in with brush; as soon as the bear is half across the lower log he is within reach of the bait, and as he always

thinks he knows of some superior hiding-place for it, in his attempt to carry out the idea the stick is displaced, and the tree should fall across his back and crush the life out of him. If it falls on the neck only, as in the picture of A BEAR IN A DEAD-FALL, I have known them to escape; in fact, I had the satisfaction of shooting this one immediately after his release. On the whole, a bear trap, for there are others still more complicated, takes so long to fix that it is scarcely worth the time and fatigue. If there are deer in the country, a good hunter should be able, with a little exertion, to entice every bear in the district to his baits, and enjoy the great satisfaction inseparable from shooting a bear. I had one grizzly cub which gave me days of disappointment. Somehow, I never could find him at the bait, until finally I got up at one o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the bait a few minutes before he raised his knowing head above a fallen tree to see if anything was wrong. I noticed suspicion in his expression, so let fly a '500 bullet into his throat, and I HAD HIS SKIN HOME BY FOUR O'CLOCK.

## OF ROBINS.

**S**PRIGHTLY, elegant, cheerful, and full of character, from his glistening eye to his slender claw, the robin is the best and most universally beloved of all birds. When Englishmen and Scots and Irishmen, moved by the restless vigour of their race, go to far countries to seek fortune, or to fight her in the open field, it is to be noticed that they always take the memory of the robin with them; and if the jaunty little bird with the red waistcoat does not haunt the home of their adoption, they insist, in strangely pathetic make-believe, that some other feathered creature shall bear his name. Thus the Pilgrim Fathers found that in America there were no robins; but in the Eastern States there was a migratory thrush wearing a vest of "cinnamon-chestnut," and though he was but a clumsy creature, with his gin. of length, beside the true bird, he was soon known as the American robin, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. As the robin is sacred in the nursery, so he was a privileged bird in the childhood of our race. The sanctity which surrounds this pleasing



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ROBINS AND NEST UNDER BRANCH.

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bird is, so far as I can ascertain, emphatically English in this country, and not Celtic. Thus the learned antiquary of Pembrokeshire, Mr. Ferrar Fenton, after quoting the old-fashioned distich—

"Cursed is the man  
Who kills a robin or a wren"

—expresses the opinion that the carol from which the lines are taken, which was sung in English when the wren was carried round the parish in its ribbon-wreathed cage by laughing children, came into Pembrokeshire with the Flemings from England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. To kill robin, wren, or swallow is, according to the tradition of the rural nursery, says the same gentle scholar, to court ill-luck, for they are "God's birds," and whosoever eats their flesh will surely drop down dead. Moreover, Fenton mentions a cat which died poisoned by eating a dead robin, and observes that Bunyan notes in "Pilgrim's Progress" the poisonous character of the robin's flesh. This is an entirely admirable tradition, and to be encouraged



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ROBINS IN NEST.

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in every place where children are gathered together; but it would be difficult to convince the ruthless bird-slaughters of continental Europe of its truth. Nothing short of fatal results, clearly attributable to the eating of robins, would do that. Still the continental peasantry are an ignorant folk, and it would do no harm to instil a little ignorant and wholesome superstition in their minds.

The robin clearly loves man, and man in his turn loves the robin. Perhaps the robin's affection for man may be in the nature of cupboard love, for he follows improvement and cultivation, and the freshly-turned earth is his dinner table. But it is enough that he seems to love man and to trust him. No sooner has the gardener dug a plot of ground than down comes the dainty little man to take his toll of the good things lying before him, and as he trips from clod to clod, inquisitive, cheery, and trustful, a perfect gentleman who knows his place, easy but not impertinent in manner, he is one of the cheeriest and most English of sights. Much may be urged in his favour, and but one fault can be found with him. There is no doubt that he is a fighting man, a pocket edition of the incurable knight-errant, over-ready with or without provocation to rush into the fluttering fray. But what will you? He is a British bird, and he wears the red coat of the British soldier. The love of miniature battle is part of his very nature; and at least he fights with skill and spirit. Moreover, his scarlet breast and his thin sweet song are with us always, and never more welcome than when bitter winter has driven half the choir of birds to desert us in pursuit of the

sun, and those that remain are silent and sad. Thus that keen observer, Mr. Charles Dixon, notes that he heard the robin's song every day in the months of December, January, and February. For the robin, therefore, let the crumbs and tiny shreds of meat be thrown out in abundance in winter, and in his interest let the all-devouring sparrows be deluded in the amusing manner described by that graceful writer, Mr. Phil Robinson.

As for the robin's nest, from which these soft nestlings came a while ago, it may be found anywhere—in a ruined wall, in the roots of an ancient tree, in the grassy bank of a hedgerow, in the ivy, in the haystack, in an old can, or even, as Mr. Fowler relates, in a disused cage. The markings on the ground of "pure and shining white" vary greatly in arrangement and colour; but the large nest, with its lining of hair and minute roots, with sometimes a little wool added to keep the deep cup warm and cosy, is characteristic and unmistakable. Dead leaves almost always enter into the composition of the outer structure. The young, when they are first hatched, are the subjects of the most assiduous care; but our little friends here must soon be prepared to shift for themselves, for, long before they are of an age to wear red waistcoats, their parents will have enforced upon them the necessity of earning their own living. So rigorous, indeed, is the law of the red robin society in this matter, that an eminent naturalist attributes the autumnal migration of great flocks of young robins across the Channel largely to that discipline of independence which their martinet parents enforce upon them after parental duties have been duly performed. AUCEPS.

## Public School Cricket.—XII. Wellington.

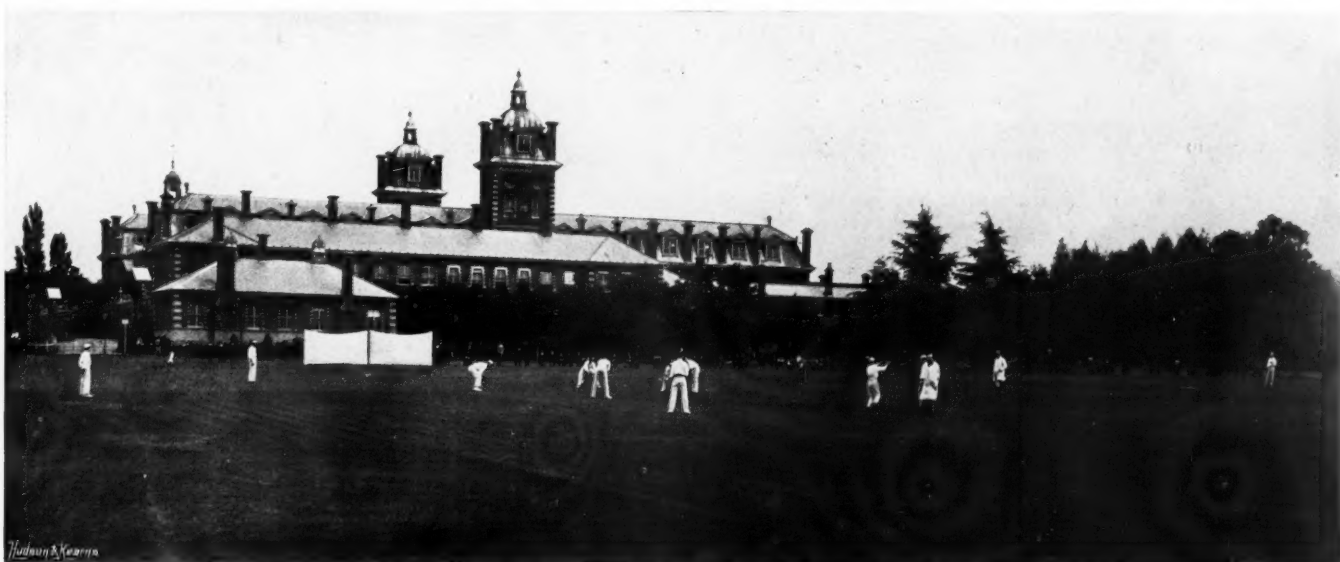


Photo. by Gillman,

WELLINGTON COLLEGE CRICKET GROUND.

Oxford.

THE most enthusiastic admirers of the Wellington Eleven in 1897 could not say that they had a successful season.

Indeed, as far as results were concerned, the team had anything but a good record, but, as so often is the case, mere results give a wrong impression, and the Wellington boys were by no means so poor a team as their list of defeats would lead one to believe. At the end of the season they were a greatly improved side, and their last match, which was against a very fair team of the M.C.C., ended in a most creditable draw. They also did very fairly well in their school matches with Charterhouse and Haileybury, only just losing the former, while the latter was drawn in their favour. In their captain, W. M. Turner, who is a brother of A. J. Turner, the successful Essex batsman, Wellington have a player of the greatest possible promise. He has both great hitting power and sound defence, and he finished the season with the brilliant batting average of 47. In addition to his fine batting he bore the brunt of the bowling with P. B. Warburton. He is a medium-paced bowler, and gets a little work on the ball both ways; and as he is a really good field at short-slip, there can be no doubt that he has a brilliant cricket career before him. Warburton is a slow left-hand bowler, and generally keeps an excellent length, but when he is bowling to a man who is forcing the game, he is rather apt to become erratic in his pitch, and is consequently very expensive. In the matches against the schools he bowled very well, and during last summer he took 40 wickets, at an average of rather over 20 runs each. K. O. Goldie, who has a batting average of 30, is one of the phenomenal public school boys of the year. Although only fourteen years old, and not tall for his age,

he played in every match during the season, and batted with a consistency which was little short of wonderful. His highest score was 57, but with Turner he frequently laid the foundation of a large total for his side, although it cannot be said that the remaining batsmen were in the habit of taking any great advantage of the good example set them. There was, in fact, a distinct tail to the batting of the Eleven, and frequently the expectations of a good or even a respectable total were not realised. It is true that the team were unfortunate in having R. S. Lucy and G. H. Walker away in both school matches, as they were useful cricketers, who might have been of great assistance, but, at the same time, it must be acknowledged that, with the exception of Turner and Goldie, the batsmen were disappointing on many occasions.

The fielding of the Eleven was, on the whole, good, and the catching, which was very safe in some matches, was probably better than the ground fielding. The wicket-keeping of C. D. A. Crofton was very smart throughout a trying summer, and he was far above the average of public school wicket-keepers.

At the outset of the season the Eleven met with defeats from the Gentlemen of Berkshire and the 60th Rifles. In the latter match Turner made 32, and took five wickets. A creditable draw was the result of the Haileybury match, Wellington making 206 and 146 for eight wickets, and their opponents 142 and 157 for seven wickets. Turner was again in brilliant form, playing innings of 65 and 81, and taking seven wickets. Of the others, P. B. Warburton took nine wickets, and Goldie played a good first innings of 51. The Old Wykehamists easily beat the school, G. H. Walker alone doing well for the losers; but the

Charterhouse match was a good struggle, the scores being—Wellington, 162 and 77 for five wickets; Charterhouse, 167. Goldie 57 and 7, and Turner 20 and 44 not out, were the most successful batsmen for Wellington, and the latter also took six wickets. The Free Foresters made 220 for eight wickets against a modest score of 101, of which Goldie and Turner made half, and the Old Wellingtonians gained a victory by 62 runs, despite some good bowling by Warburton. A draw was the result of the game with the Staff College, but if time had not come to their assistance the boys would have been beaten. Turner and Warburton with the ball and Goldie with the bat were the most successful players for the school, and Turner finished the season with a grand innings against the M.C.C. The Wellington boys had to go in against a score of 260 for seven wickets, and as the M.C.C. had Woodcock and Burns to bowl, there was some likelihood of a severe defeat. Turner, however, played the fast deliveries of Woodcock with great confidence, and at the end of the match the school total was 185 for three wickets, and Turner was not out 106. He was ably assisted by Goldie, who made 32. As Turner is only a little over sixteen years old, it is hoped that he will captain the Eleven again next summer, but he is a candidate for Woolwich, and will probably leave school early.

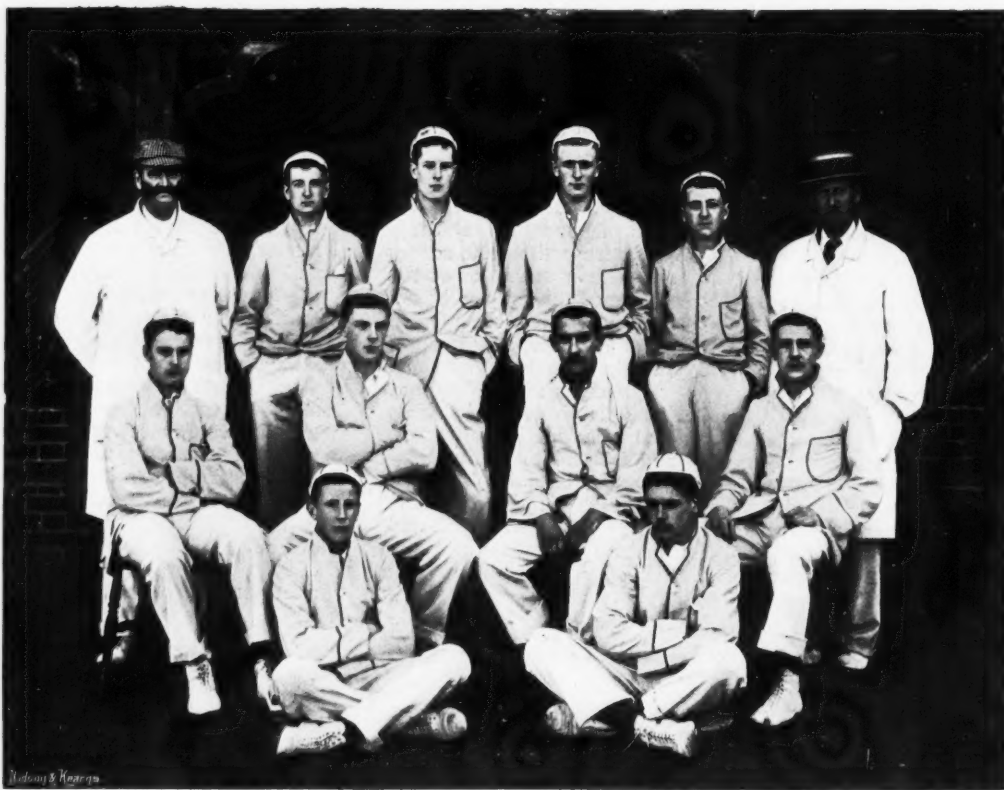


Photo. by Gillman,

THE SCHOOL ELEVEN.

Oxford.

Warburton is now in residence at Oxford, and Crofton has gone to Cambridge; but the probability is that, in addition to Turner, there will be four old choices to play for the Wellington Eleven this next season. C. T. S.

## JOCK SCOTT v. DUSTY MILLER.

"YOU never can tell," I said. "You can't tell what the fish will do. It all depends on their mood. They're like—"

"Yes; go on," said Miss Elsie, sweetly.

I was not in the kindest mood myself. All Nature was at her best, too, the morning lovely—everything promising success, if circumstances can be bold enough to make promises when the event is so uncertain—the river had lately run down fairly clear after the spate. If one would not catch fish to-day, when would one?

"Yes, please finish what you were going to say," Miss Elsie persisted, as I did not answer. "Like women, I suppose, was it not?"

"Yes, if you like," I said, desperately. "Like women."

The truth is I had been sorely tried. I was not a finished salmon fisher. Miss Elsie was. So were her friends, of whom one, in particular, I hated with as keen a hate as a Christian man can allow himself to feel, especially when he has never seen its object. But if I had never seen him, I had heard of him enough and to spare. The river was tricky for casting in many places. On some beats you had to use a boat, and then it was plain and simple enough, but on other pools you did your casting from the bank, and there the trees were very bothersome to the inexperienced angler.

"Can you throw underhand?" asked one of my friends in England, who knew the place, when I told him where I was going.

"I can bowl underhand," I had replied, thinking to stave off his questioning by a mild little joke.

"You'd better take a gun



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POOL BELOW THE OLD OAK.

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to the river, then," said he, not to be put off the unpleasant subject, "to shoot down your fly when it gets hitched up in the trees." It was not at all a place to flatter one's skill in casting. In the course of the two days that I had already been fishing there, I had cause to remember my friend's sarcastic remarks. I had got my line into trouble several times. And always, when I came home, I used to hear the tale of how marvellously well this special object of my hate, whom I had never seen, could fish this particularly troublesome pool—the accuracy, the lightness, and the length of his cast—and generally the account was made no better hearing by coming from the lips of Miss Elsie.

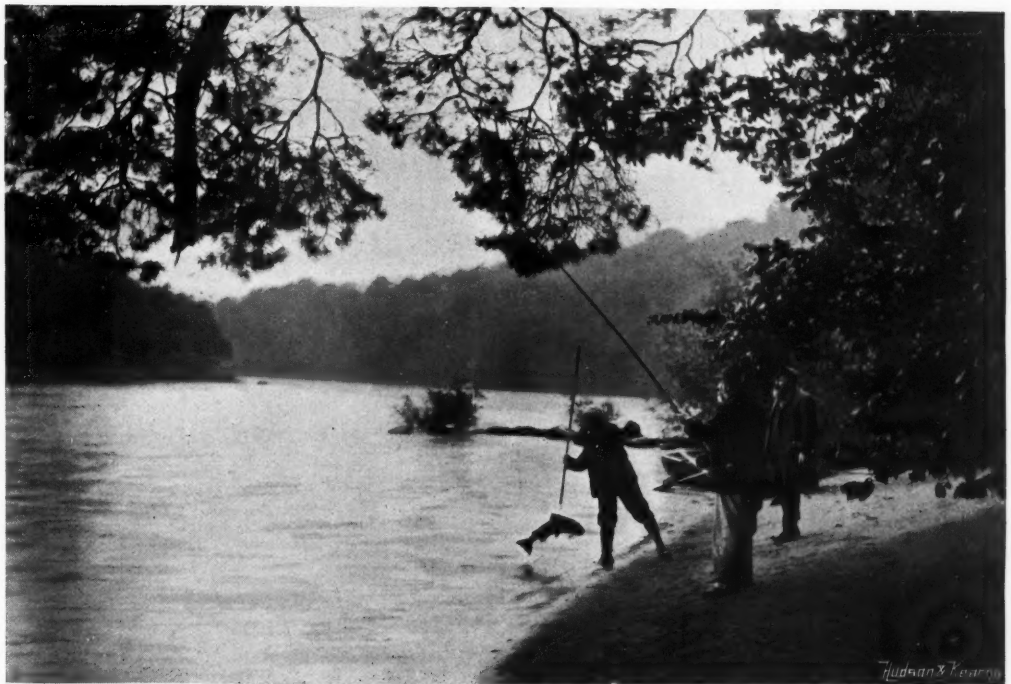
"Hang Jock Graham," I had allowed myself to exclaim once, after praises of this paragon of anglers had gone beyond all bearing; at which ungracious exclamation Miss Elsie had lifted her eyebrows very high, as if she could not imagine what were the sentiments that had induced so sharp an utterance.

"And you would like us better if we were always in the same mood?" she asked, in answer to my ungallant likening of fish and women.

"I should like you better," I said, "if you would let me give you a Jock Scott to put in your hat instead of that ugly Dusty Miller." I knew I was being rude and discourteous, but there was excuse for me. I had, indeed, been sorely tried, and had some reason for my comparison, if Miss Elsie were to be taken as the type of the sex.

"No, thank you," she said, lightly. "I would never put in my hat a fly that had not killed a fish."

The light arrow was barbed, for I knew only too well—as did Miss Elsie, by my previous indiscreet confessions—that I had no fly in my book that would conform with the conditions she stated. I had caught but few salmon in my life, and none of the flies that had lured those simple victims were still extant. The offensive Dusty Miller, as I well knew, had been given her by the inevitable Jock Graham last year, after landing with it the biggest fish of the season.



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## A CLEAN-RUN SMALL FISH.

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"And if I should catch a fish to-day," said I, with rare courage, "with a Jock Scott, would you then—"

"I make no promises," she answered; but she gave me a smile as she said it that made my purpose strong to do all that human skill could achieve to be the death of a fish that day. Then she tripped off, to go with her father in the boat, leaving me to pursue my studies in casting beneath those confounded trees.

I began to work at a famous POOL BELOW THE OLD OAK. Several times I was caught up in the branches, but managed to clear the line without loss, and made many casts supremely to my own satisfaction, but without inducing the fish to take the most platonic interest in my fly. I fished, and better fished, but without the slightest response to all my invitations, and about luncheon time worked my way up, desponding, to where I expected to meet Miss Elsie's father, and to share that usually pleasant meal with him. I was in a mood of little amiability with myself or others; nor had I the generosity to feel especially pleased at watching him, landed from the boat, successfully bring A CLEAN-RUN SMALL FISH to the gaff, just before sitting down to the provision basket.

"What, not a rise!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "I thought the fish seemed well on the move to-day."

"I never had one move to me," I said, morosely.

"What are you fishing with?" he asked. "Jock Scott? You should try a Dusty Miller. Sky just a little too bright for Jock Scott to-day."

"Hang Dusty Miller," I muttered under my breath, determined inflexibly that with Jock Scott, or with no other fly, I would catch a fish that day. So, luncheon finished, off we went again, after A FEW CASTS FROM THE BOAT'S STERN, he in his boat, and I in my hot and heavy waders. For an hour or more I fished down the length of a long pool and moved nothing. The sun was beginning to get low in the west, and my back was aching wearily, for never had I fished more conscientiously every yard of water, when I arrived at a noted pool with a great round rock in the middle of it, where one could stand and cast without danger from the branches on the bank.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. A FEW CASTS FROM THE BOAT'S STERN.

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It was my last pool. So far, throughout the day, I had seen but one fish move, and that a small grilse, or "salmon of no importance." Here, however, even as I waded out towards THE GREAT ROUND ROCK, I saw two great backs, as it might have been of porpoises, cleave the silvery surface of the pool in the way that betokened, if anything could, two good fish seriously rising. Again, as I stood on the rock preparing for my cast, one of them broke the surface, and for him I commenced throwing. Twice the fly came down to him and passed unnoticed, but at the third throw there was that thrilling tug, that tightening of the line, that moment of terrible suspense, and then the steady strain assuring me the fish was fairly hooked, that make up the most ecstatic sensation that the whole range of sport is able to afford. In another moment the fish was away, with a whirr at the reel, going down the pool like fury. I dared not follow him. The water was deep, and I feared if I waded in I might lose my balance, and, by an untoward jerk at the wrong moment, lose all.

I stood and watched the line growing smaller on the reel, in fearful anxiety lest his first rush should take it all. Presently I ventured to slip off into the water, and, reeling up as I went, made my way to the bank. Once he was all but in, but caught sight of the gillie awaiting him with the gaff, and at the sight went off again with fresh vigour. Again I brought him in. The sharp gaff went home in him, and he was landed—a fine 18lb. fish.

"He's rising yet—het ither—and he's a bigger fush." So the gillie told me; and without a thought of changing that precious fly, the excellent Jock Scott, now ten times dearer that it had taken a fish, I waded once more to my island in the water, and, in less than a minute's space, I was hard and fast in that



Photo. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE GREAT ROUND ROCK.

Copyright.

other, the bigger one. I had gained courage now, and as he went down the pool, following, so far, the exact manoeuvres of the other, I climbed down off my rock, and made my way, with rod held well aloft, towards the shore. Soon after I had a sickening fear that I had lost him, for my line went slack. But again, as I righted myself, I felt the fierce strain on it, and knew that I had him still, and, wet to the skin, I dashed ashore. At a run, half in and half out of water, I followed him till I came to a sharp angle of rock going sheer down into deep water, and could pursue him no longer. Then it was a tug of war—pull devil, pull baker. The rod bent nearly double—it was a question which should yield; but in the issue it was my friend at the other

end, not my rod or my tackle. I could not see the fish, but the gillie had clambered over the rock and was shouting me instructions—to reel in, to give him line—"he's coming in now." Suddenly the strain relaxed; again I thought I had lost him. Then I heard the gillie's grunt of satisfaction.

"I've gotten him." He, too, was gaffed, landed—no matter that in the gaffing the good gut at length had snapped—the Jock Scott, with a foot or two of gut to it, was fast in the mouth of a 25lb. salmon lying on the bank.

The two fish made A PRETTY PAIR, and I left that Jock Scott sticking in the bigger fish's jaw until I removed it at the lodge in the evening, and transferred it, in place of that abominable Dusty Miller, to Miss Elsie's shat.



Photo. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A PRETTY PAIR.

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HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## BAMPTON PONY FAIR.

YEAR by year, on the last Thursday in October, comes round Bampton Fair, and, hey presto! all the paraphernalia—the sheep pens, the ginger-bread pavilion, the wooden "fortifications," the animated stream, or, more simply, the "vooks"—reappear after the twelve months' holiday, as under a magician's wand. During that one day, whatever may be the case at other times, Bampton is the busiest of busy marts—more like a big ant-hill than a quiet country town. The horsey man is in possession. But Bampton, save for a few malcontents, does not complain. Indeed, the fair is its chief glory, its immemorial privilege, and Bampton would no more think of parting with it than Dunmow with its fitch. Moreover, it is an exceedingly hospitable town.

On the occasion of the fair almost everybody keeps open house, and, in return—alas! that it should be so—the visitor is only too apt to be impertinent and to abuse the place because it does not exist for show, because, like Bobs, it "does not advertise." I never think of Bampton without being reminded of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table's" propositions about most places: "The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town and city." You needn't put on airs when you go to Bampton. The natives are just as conceited; and with as much reason, as you are. The late lord of the manor described them as so many kings, and their local patriotism is unbounded. "If more than fifty years have passed since its foundation, it is affectionately styled

by the inhabitants the 'good old town of' (whatever its name may happen to be)." Bampton is no mushroom; it dates from Saxon, and, perhaps, Roman, times. "Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is declared to be a 'remarkably intelligent audience.'" The writer knows this to be true of Bampton audiences, as they have duly applauded his own performances. "The climate of the place is particularly favourable to longevity." Bampton has a mineral spring, warranted to be the genuine and long-sought *elixir vite*. Yet, singular to relate, Strong the Wrestler died there the other day, at the early age of ninety. "It contains several persons of vast talent little known to the world." Unquestionably; there is the esteemed postmaster, for instance, who was at school with Sir Henry Irving, and can act and recite nearly as well as Sir Henry himself.

So much for Bampton; the next thing is Bampton Fair. Thoroughly to enjoy Bampton Fair— But I forgot. Someone told me, the other day, that a pig is naturally a clean animal—in fact, most fastidious about his person. If so, he is the more to be pitied at having to pass his time in such surroundings. I was about to observe that, in order to enjoy the fair, the best way is to metamorphose yourself, like Circe's *détenu*, into a pig, for, what with the mist, and the mud, and the drizzle, and the ponies, which together make up the proverbial fair (or, rather, foul) weather, the place soon becomes a veritable pig-stye. But never mind! With thick boots on your feet, your legs in stout gaiters, and a mackintosh enveloping your upper man, you shall not do badly. Come with me and see the sights. First of all, you will note, perched about in yards and lanes above the heads of the crowd, book in one hand and pencil in the other, certain orators. These are auctioneers—earnest, determined men, who mean you and me to buy, always supposing that our credit stands good. If you want to sell a horse, you cannot do better than put yourself in their hands. Of course, the Bampton people can't help it, but there is no doubt that many bad, unprincipled persons find their way into the place, prepared to take in you, or some other green-goose, unless chaperoned by a more knowing friend. There are multitudinous ways of accomplishing this; but here are samples. It seems to be thought that attendants at the fair are more wide-awake than was the case a few years ago, and a gentleman of my acquaintance, connected with the banking business, takes credit to himself for impressing on sellers all round the absolute necessity of a reference. Even the good folk of former days were not altogether unaware of the advantage, but when a stranger appeared to fancy a horse, and mentioned a higher figure than the thing was worth, the farmer—there are more farmers at the fair than any other class—would scratch his head, and, recollecting the adage "Never refuse a good offer!" make up his mind to chance it. A cheque would be tendered him in payment, but, on going to the bank a day or so later to change it, he would hear to his chagrin, "No account!" In the meantime, the stranger would have sold the horse and departed goodness knows whither. But the buyer may be "had" as well as the seller. A farmer has an old horse, worn out, and fit for nothing. His (the horse's) teeth are in such a state that he can't bite his oats; but these the farmer has boiled, and, in addition, turns him out to grass, in the hope that air and exercise may work wonders in rejuvenating the beast. They do, and the ancient screw enters the air looking like a young colt. Result—crafty farmer nets £20. These wins and losses may be looked upon as the fortune of war, or as being all in the way of trade, but the innocent onlooker, who has no interest in the trafficking, might fairly expect to escape. Quite on the contrary—buyer and seller both go for him, and he becomes a victim of the confidence trick as she is played at Bampton Fair.

A stranger carefully reconnoitres (say) a retired farmer, and, at length



Photo. Scott and Sons,

THE FAIR IN FULL SWING.

Exeter.

with marked deference and considerable hesitation in his manner, makes up to him. "I beg pardon, sir, I want to buy that horse yonder, but the owner has taken an unaccountable prejudice against me. It is not a question of money," and, so saying, he produces a roll of bank notes, settling that point; "in fact, I can't understand it at all. However, I am particularly struck with the horse, and if you would be good enough to buy him for me, I wouldn't object to pay you £4 or £5 over and above the £50 I have already offered for him. Only keep your counsel, and don't let him know you are acting for me." The commission is tempting. The retired farmer interviews the seller, and agrees to purchase the animal for £50. He draws a cheque for that amount, and then goes in search of his new ally. Not being able to find him, the retired farmer gets alarmed, and hurries to the bank that he may stop the cheque. "Too late!" is the reply; "it was cashed half an hour ago." The horse, it need hardly be said, was a doctored one.

Then there are the pickpockets; the walls are bedecked with notices, bidding you beware of them. At one time, I must own, rejoicing in my own immunity, I was inclined to be sceptical as to the presence of these vermin—at any rate, in such swarms as these 'plain, categorical, and abundant warnings would imply. But don't you be too trustful. My banking friend confided to me a sad tale of a client who entered his extemporised office—in addition to Stuckey's permanent branch, all the banks have extemporised offices at Bampton on fair day—to change a cheque. The usual procedure followed—so much in gold, so much in notes. Soon afterwards the person returned.

"Can you give me the number of the notes?"

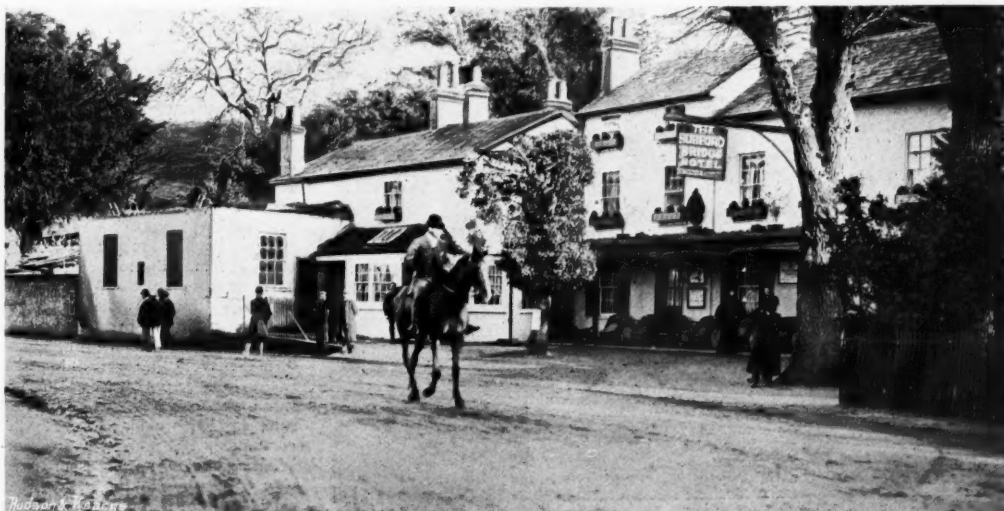
"Regret to say I can't. Anything wrong?"

"Yes; I put my hand in my pocket just now, and they're gone."

Pickpockets. They saw him enter the bank, watched him leave, tracked him, and secured the pocket-book.

These, however, are but sordid matters, and it is easy enough, with ordinary care, to attend the fair, enjoy yourself whilst there, and come away with neither a rueful countenance nor an aching heart. The Exmoor ponies are the principal attraction, and are found at the "horn," opposite the station "horn," in the environs of the Tiverton Hotel. They bear about the same relation to blood-

horses as dog-roses to Marshal Niels or sloes to nectarines. It is a pretty spectacle to see them trot into the town on the eve of the fair, when their action is most graceful. In the sale-ring this is less noticeable. The creatures are, as it were, stage-struck by so much publicity, and it won't be long, you may be sure, before some ill-conditioned fellow will prod the candidate with his stick, ostensibly from the benevolent motive of making him show off his points, and enabling Mr. Evans or Mr. Blackford to descant on his merits. It is well for the ponies that they arrive armed with their natural rugs, for the amount of smiting that goes on surpasses belief. The gipsies especially, of whom there is always a large contingent, but not the gipsies alone, make a regular practice of smiting the hinder parts of every horse immediately in front of them. They do this at all hours of the day, utterly regardless of my safety or your convenience, but the great time for smiting is between two and six in the afternoon, when, the sales having concluded, the animals are being driven out of the town. So far



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BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

as the ponies are concerned, it is seldom that they need much driving. The boot is on the other leg, and the farcical sight is witnessed of two or more able-bodied men acting as a drag on a small, but excitable pony, not yet reconciled to domesticity. Sometimes a whole herd hurtles through the crowd recreating outside the White Horse, under a perfect hurricane of blows from the rear.

In a general way nobody takes any notice of these episodes, though I once saw an old gentleman rather irascible. A pony or something had stepped on his corn, and he wanted very badly to lay his whip across the smiter. Eventually, however, he allowed himself to be mollified by his prudent wife and a hugely divested male companion. Apart from such exceptions, the only quarter where the rushes are distinctly resented is at the toll-bars. Not that there are bars, exactly, but men with poles are stationed in Luke Street and at the corner of Briton Street, to collect the dues of the lord of the manor. This assertion of the rights of property is always accompanied by much friction, and now and then, while the villeins or retainers are engrossed in some hard contention, an attempt will be made to break bounds, or a don't care individual will perform a neighbourly act, as a pony approaches the critical point, by smiting. Then the policeman, who stands by to see fair play, boils with rage, and threatens the offender with all the terrors of the law, if he dares to repeat such conduct. Well, I don't know what the Bampton people will think of this article. They are rather particular, and perhaps they will say that I have dwelt too much on the dangers and disagreeables of the fair. But no! When Parson Fronde wished any of his parishioners to do something not quite "thereafter," he looked very stern and commanded them *not* to do it. They yokels grinned; they understood what pass'n meant, and after it was over, they were entertained to supper in the kitchen. Human nature is perverse, and, though there are no vacancies to speak



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## THE MEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of, I venture to predict, as the direct result of this article, an augmented attendance at Bampton's next fair. So may it be!

## WEST SURREY STAGHOUNDS.

THERE cannot be many hunting men or hunting women living anywhere near London who stand in need of a formal introduction to the West Surrey Union Staghounds, of which Mr. M. D. Rucker, of Woodland Park, Leatherhead, Surrey, is the sportsmanlike and popular master. His

staunch hounds—there are thirty couples of them in all—are among the most familiar of the nineteen packs of staghounds in England; the country is one which almost every man knows. The thought which the sight of these pleasant pictures brings to our minds is, indeed, of a melancholy rather than of a jocund character. We have seen of late many onslaughts, provoked for the most part by the placid good temper and gentleman-like tone of Lord Ribblesdale's book on stag-hunting. Now it is as plain as a pikestaff, which is understood to be very plain indeed, that, so far as the men who hunt and the hounds that chase are concerned, there is no difference between riding with the Queen's Buckhounds and riding with any staghounds, except the Devon and Somerset, in point of humanity, or morality, of inhumanity, or immorality. All the hounds—and in this the Devon and Somerset are included—may be classified as oversized foxhounds. Every pack, except the famous kennel that claims Exmoor, and one other, for its own, hunts the carted deer; and, wherever the hunt may be, the calf has a sorry trick of taking refuge, when hard pressed, in fortresses of a pitifully domestic character. The habit which stags have acquired of running into back-yards, wash-houses, and gardeners' sheds, is one which, out of respect to the utterly illogical instincts of the sentimental mind, ought certainly to be eradicated. It is not really any more cruel to run the "calf" into a curtilage and save his life, than to chase the wild stag until he is brought to bay and then kill him. But to the thoughtless it seems more heartless, and there is no denying that the whole performance is more artificial. If, therefore, the Queen's Hounds were to disappear, then the West Surrey and fifteen or sixteen other packs must logically vanish also, and nearly 600 couples of stout hounds would find that their occupation, like Othello's, was gone. What a loss of rattling sport, often very good of its kind, that would mean. How some of the bold riders of Herts and Middlesex would miss the meets of the Enfield Chase and



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## DEER GOING AWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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## GONE AWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Colonel Somerset! How considerable would be the grief near Leighton Buzzard at the loss of Lord Rothschild's! How great would be the moaning in the County Down, at Ingatestone in Essex, in the County Roscommon, in Norfolk, where the 7th Dragoon Guards have their headquarters at Mousehold, in Saverlake Forest, in the County Meath, and at Athlone! However, we may comfort ourselves with the thought that, when all is said and done, the old-established sport dies hard, if, indeed, it dies at all; and that if, as our "Looker-on," who takes his pastime in books, has been heard to say, it will not bear analysis on strictly humanitarian grounds, the same thing may be said, without disturbing the average Briton or Irishman in the least, of any and every sport that involves the chasing and killing of any living creature.



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## HOUNDS IN FULL CRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

## LITERARY NOTES.

**A** TERRIBLE thing has happened. No less a personage than Sir Edwin Arnold, knight of journalism and poesy, most puissant lord of the *Daily Telegraph*, and master of many young lions, has been accused of petty plagiarism. The *New York Herald* is the accuser, and it has planted its dart in a tender place, for it declares that the receipt of the stolen sentences is Sir Edwin's "Japonica." Now if there is a place with which Sir Edwin Arnold has intimate familiarity, and if there is a race which he holds in close affection, that place is Japan and that race is the Japanese. He knows all that there is to know of them; he needs not to borrow from any man. But he may console himself. Whether there be many similarities or few between "Japonica" and the work of Mr. Conder of the United States, it is not for the "Looker-on" to say until he has read the latter; and the odds are that he will never be in a position to speak with authority on the question. But the evidence brought forward in support of the charge is of the poorest quality. True it is that Sir Edwin describes the floral decorations at a Japanese wedding in much the same language as Mr. Conder. Perhaps he thought it could not be improved upon. But it is also true that Sir Edwin acknowledges his indebtedness in the most candid manner. Our American friends must learn that quotation is not plagiarism.

Two very important books of the current week are the "Life of the Prince of Wales" (Grant Richards) and "The Life of Mr. Gladstone" (Black), by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. The authorship of the first-named work is still kept secret and does not appear in the title-page. No doubt the book will have a large sale, but it has clearly been written in the face of great difficulties. To write the life of a Prince who is in the full vigour of manhood, and heir to the British throne and Empire, and to produce "An account of his Career, including his Birth, Education, Travels, Marriage, and Home Life; and Philanthropic, Social, and Political Work," is to attempt a task in which anything approaching to severe criticism would clearly be improper. But the mere record of the life of a Prince who has worked for years harder than any man of business, who has made innumerable speeches, who has made tremendous exertions in the cause of philanthropy, who has travelled very extensively, cannot fail to have deep interest. The Prince of Wales is held in extraordinary esteem and affection by the English people; the "Life" will be read eagerly in every part of the Empire.

One may guess without much difficulty the tone in which gentle Mr. McCarthy, a man of letters to his finger-tips, whom the irony of fate forced to lead a political party, will have treated the brilliant statesman whom he was proud to follow. For, be our political views what they may, there is not a man amongst us who refuses to recognise the splendour of Mr. Gladstone's talents, the diversity of his interests, and the greatness of his achievements. There is, however, a minor point in connection with this subject which may be noted with advantage. The publisher has been praised, very justly, for producing the book at the moderate price of 7s. 6d. But the panegyrist goes on to complain of "the exorbitant price still demanded, in the interest of a conservative policy, for most biographies." This, it seems to me, is not just. Mr. Gladstone's biography is a book for the million. Many other biographies, well worthy to be written and to be read, cannot be expected to attain the like popularity. The critic admits this, but if so, why does he use the word "exorbitant" in relation to biographies of quite a different character?

When Mr. Hess, in the course of a bitter quarrel with Mr. Labouchere, desired to publish some letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Labouchere to poor George Augustus Sala, the law was invoked, and Mr. Hess was solemnly forbidden to do anything of the kind. The letters were, it was said, the private property of the writer. What a mass of private property, by the way, do we all destroy! In these circumstances it was strange to see announced for sale by public auction last week a number of private letters from the Queen's hand. One of these, in German, was addressed to the Duchesse de Nemours in 1843; another, in French, to the King of Holland in 1850; in a third, dated July 14th, 1852, a deep black border reminded one of the recent death of the Prince Consort. I hope to learn that the keen-eyed London correspondent who called attention to the matter may have been instrumental in preventing the sale.

Among books to be read with interest is a reprint, in a separate volume, of Mr. Henley's essay on "Burns; His Life, Genius, and Achievement." The publishers will be Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. I hear, by the way, and all lovers of literature will confidently trust, that Mr. Wyndham's efforts to secure a pension for this indomitable pursuer of that best of its kind have been successful.

Very soon after the murder of Mr. Terriss comes the announcement that Mr. Tom Terriss and Mr. Arthur Smythe are preparing a life of the dead man which will be full of anecdote. "A Son of the Marshes"—how hard it is to remember that this virile writer is really a woman—has written a book on Hawaii; for she has spent many years in the Sandwich Islands. A new book on Tibet, by Captain Welby and Lieutenant Malcolm, will be published during the spring by Mr. Unwin; and the lately chosen headmaster of Charterhouse, Dr. Rendall, will publish, through Messrs. Macmillan, a scholarly translation of Marcus Aurelius.

Space may perhaps be found here for brief notice of the new issues of

"Debrett's Peerage" and of "Whitaker's Almanac" for 1898. Each is perfect in its kind; each is brought absolutely up to date, and has been revised with the most anxious care. Debrett, of course, is absolutely indispensable to men and women in Society. Whitaker is a marvel of concise completeness and accuracy, and is, in many ways, one of the most wonderful productions in the world.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Confession of Stephen Whaphshire." Emma Brooke. (Hutchinson.)
- "Korea and Her Neighbours." Mrs. Bishop. (Murray.)
- "Under the Dragon Flag." James Allan. (Heinemann.)
- "Life of Joseph Arch." Edited by the Countess of Warwick. (Hutchinson.)
- "Auld Lang Syne." Professor Max Muller. (Unwin.) LOOKER-ON.



**T**HE show at Derby held last week has been worked into one of the most attractive of the Midland fixtures. To a very great extent this is due to the personal influence of Mr. Isaac Woodiwiss, chairman of the promoting body, and one of the best-known fanciers in the country. He is a son of the late Sir Abraham Woodiwiss, and, it is almost needless to explain, is a brother of Messrs. Sam and Sidney Woodiwiss, who for years have maintained the reputation of the family in the South of England. Mr. George Woodiwiss, another brother, is Mayor of Bath, and, a few months ago, entertained the Duke of Cambridge on the occasion of a visit by His Royal Highness to the western health resort. All the brothers take a keen interest in the Derby show, hence it is no wonder that the fixture generally attracts so good an entry from the high ranks of the fancy.

One of the best sections was Basset-hounds, a variety that, aided by the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, has made really wonderful progress during the last few years. The threatened dispersal of the kennel of Mr. J. Stark, of Builth and Alderley Edge, will, if insisted upon, have a marked effect on the breed as a show variety, for the kennel of the Welsh gentleman has taken years to form, and has been got together regardless of expense. At Derby the honours were shared with Mrs. Mabel Tottie, of Bell Busk; whilst Mr. W. M. White, a local breeder, and Mr. G. T. Musson, who, on the death of Sir Everett Millais, undertook the secretaryship of the Basset-hound Club, also showed very excellent specimens. Mr. J. C. Tinné had a good innings in Fox-terriers—no new experience for the Hampshire breeder—whilst in Bulldogs it was but meet that championship honours should go to the kennel of Mr. Sam Woodiwiss. The sporting section was better supported than was the case last year, but apart from a few good animals from the South Midlands' kennels there was very little new, Mr. Darbey, of Tiverton, for instance, once more having matters his own way in Retrievers. All round, however, it was an excellent show, and well deserved the patronage given by breeders in all parts of the country.

During the past few days one or two important fixtures for the rapidly approaching summer season have been made. The very excellent show to be held at Shrewsbury in connection with the annual exhibition of the Shropshire and West Midland Agricultural Society has, in consequence of the Royal Show being held at Birmingham, been postponed from June 29th and following day to July 21st and 22nd, an exceedingly wise arrangement, although the latter date is uncomfortably near Salopia's great fixture, the show of the Horticultural Society held in the picturesque Quarry grounds. In the following week the show of the Wirral and Birkenhead Agricultural Society, at which there is always an excellent section for dogs, will be held, a date that may clash with the sheep dog trials and dog show annually held at Llangollen about this time. It is to be hoped that such will not be the case, for in the whole of the Principality there is no more popular fixture of its kind than the meeting on the Vivod estate. Here it was that Her Majesty was initiated into the mysteries of these interesting exhibitions of the intelligence of dogs, on the occasion of a visit to North Wales some ten or twelve years ago.

The squabble now agitating fancier circles in the Isle of Man is as unseemly as it is unsportsmanlike, and one scarcely knows on whom to attach the blame. That a committee should object to a judge accepting the hospitality of a gentleman who neither had official connection with the show or was an exhibitor seems

incredible, but such was the case. Mr. Brook, of Ashton-on-Ribble, a gentleman very widely known and respected as an authority on Collies, was the offending judge, and Mr. Phillip Soorn, of Douglas, known in the North of England as an ex-secretary of the Wirral Sheepdog Trials, the hospitably-inclined resident in the Island, who offered "board and bed" to the English judge, a very old friend of his. The committee of the show, on hearing that Mr. Brook had accepted the invitation, wrote advising him to withdraw his acceptance, on the ground that they objected "to any judge staying at any place where he will come in contact with exhibitors, or where he will be likely to hear of the merits or otherwise of any exhibit." Very naturally Mr. Brook indignantly refused to submit to such treatment, and advised the committee to look elsewhere for a judge. Such conduct will tend to make English judges chary of accepting engagements at Manx shows. The Bishop of Sodor and Man is, by the way, a supporter of the Isle of Man Collie Club.

## VARIOUS PASTIMES.

ONE of the most important lacrosse matches of the Southern season was decided on Saturday at Woodford, where the local club were defeated by West London, in a Senior Cup match, by eight goals to two. Woodford were expected to make a closer fight, on their flag form against Surbiton, the cup holders, but West London can still put a very strong twelve into the field. The return of Lupton, the old Cambridge captain, to the defence is a great help to that part of the team. Surbiton defeated Snaresbrook rather easily in an ordinary game, but their matches during the next fortnight are cup ties against Woodford and West London. If they win these they will undoubtedly retain the trophy. The men have scarcely yet been seen at their best, although they have not lost a match, but with Barrett back in goal, and Maniece at point, the defence will regain the strength it has lacked during most of this season's fixtures. The games in Division II. were excellently contested on Saturday, Blackheath only defeating Clapham by one goal, while Croydon had to work very hard to beat Surbiton II. To-day (Saturday) Cambridge University resume their matches with an ordinary game against West London; on February 2nd they play Leys School in the first round of the Senior Flags.

For once, the Bromley hockey team have not won a match, but could only draw with Molesey, on the latter's ground, on Saturday. Molesey were at one time invincible, but their play in the earlier part of the season has put a stop to any hopes of a return of the championship to the neighbourhood of Hurst Park. Bromley's draw is an advantage to Teddington, their chief opponents for the championship, who on Saturday were in excellent scoring form against Wimbledon, winning by six goals to one.

## A Memorable Sale of Shire Horses.

LORD ROTHSCHILD has long been known as one of the staunchest admirers of the Shire horse, his stud farm at Tring, most pleasantly situated off the Aylesbury Road, about a mile out of the town, being one of the most complete in the country. Up to Wednesday in last week he had not, however, offered any of his stock for public sale; in fact, many breeders of note had never visited the establishment. The announcement of a sale of all the brood mares, with the exception of four retained for breeding, the whole of the three year and two year old fillies, and a splendidly-bred draft of yearlings, naturally attracted attention, and it is no exaggeration to say that a more representative attendance had not previously been secured at any similar sale.

In 1897 the auctioneers of the Shire Horse Society, Messrs. Sexton, Grimwade, and Beck, held no fewer than nineteen sales, the aggregate amount realised being £62,377 13s. 6d. Lord Llangatock claimed the best results, his sale of forty-four lots in October last realising £8,618 8s., an average of £195 17s. 5d., a long way beyond any previous record. This most satisfactory result set people thinking, especially as for the second time during the year over £1,000 was given for a Shire horse put up for public competition, Hendre Crown Prince and Waresley Premier Duke being purchased by Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., for 2,100 guineas. In putting up the first lot at Tring, Mr. Beck drew the attention of breeders to this fact, incidentally mentioning what a grand future there appeared to be for Shires. He expressed a hope that Lord Llangatock's magnificent average might be beaten. It was, and very handsomely, too; but I am over-running my story, and must hark back a little.

A look round the comfortable boxes at the lots to be put up for sale, and an inspection of the four stallions, Cœur de Lion, Carbonite, Paxton, and Vulcan VII., proved in what magnificent condition all were. The two bays, Vulcan and Carbonite, looked particularly well, whilst no fault could be found with that proved sire, Cœur de Lion, whose stock are now so full of promise. The grey Paxton, bearing his thirteen years exceedingly well, also came in for considerable admiration, his legs and feet being as sound as ever they were, whilst his head, neck, and body are just the type breeders admire so much. The late trains now having arrived, Mr. Carr ordered a parade of all the sale animals, and it was at once seen what a choice lot of young stock were to be put up. The brood mares were all well known, consequently the fillies and the yearlings came in for most attention, and the best of these were those claiming Harold as sire. A yearling, Harold's Echo, a bay that, with her dam, Sweet Echo, won first prize at Peterborough last summer, was soon spotted by several good judges as being the pick of the basket. Sir Walter Gilbey was one of her admirers, as was also Mr. Walpole Greenwell, but in the subsequent sale Sir James Blyth became her possessor at 300 guineas. The price was a high one, but she will certainly prove a valuable addition to the Blythwood stud. The parade over, "Luncheon, gentlemen," was sounded, and the attendance showed that considerably over five hundred of the invitations issued by Lord Rothschild had been accepted. Supporting the noble chairman were Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Llangatock, Sir James Blyth, Lord and Lady Wantage, Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., Lord and Lady Verulam, Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P., Mr. W. Greenwell, and Captain Duncombe. It was, indeed, a merry luncheon, and each guest was presented with a pleasing memento in the shape of an excellent zinc photo of Paxton, the veteran of the stud, on the fly-leaf of which was the menu. As time was valuable, but one toast in addition to "The Queen" was put, this being "Success to the Sale," proposed in characteristic style by Sir Walter Gilbey. He retained the pleasantest recollections of Tring, for here it was that he visited his first agricultural show. All tastes or passions must be imbibed, and he attributed his known liking for horse or agricultural shows to his early visits to Tring over half a century ago. Few men had done more for agriculture and those who followed it as a means of livelihood than had Lord Rothschild, for he it was who first instituted milking tests as a feature of such shows as the one that, during his boyhood, had been held in Tring Park. Would that they were more general,

and that more land-owners studied the interests of their tenantry in the same way as did the owner of the delightful estate on which they were assembled. Lord Rothschild deserved a record sale, and he (Sir Walter Gilbey) sincerely hoped such would be the case that afternoon.

In response, Lord Rothschild jokingly remarked that he had read in some sporting paper that there was a modern system of breeding horses by figures (a laugh), but he preferred to study the genealogy of the animals intended to be bred from, then to select the very best blood, and rear the young stock in the orthodox manner, paying particular attention to the quality of the food, and the nature of the exercise given. He felt proud of the results, and was not without hope that his success would be the means of encouraging others to enter the ranks of Shire horse breeders. An adjournment was now made to the sale-yard, where for almost exactly two hours Mr. Beck had a busy and a profitable time, Lord Llangatock's record being beaten. The brood mares aggregated 3,481 guineas, an average of £304 11s. 9d.; the three year old fillies totalled 1,251 guineas, a trifle over £164 each; for the two year olds 1,447 guineas were bid, an average of £168 16s.; whilst for the six yearlings 818 guineas, or £143 3s. each, were realised. In all, no less than 6,997 guineas was the figure, an average of a little under £210, the highest ever reached. From a record sale the following list of lots, with their purchasers and amounts realised, is worth reproduction:—

BROOD MARES.		Guineas.
Jet . . . . .	Sir W. Gilbey . . . . .	430
Patch . . . . .	Mr. T. Pratt . . . . .	80
Burton Damsel . . . . .	Mr. Wilder . . . . .	110
Lively . . . . .	Mr. Baxter . . . . .	75
Windley Lily . . . . .	Mr. Greenwell . . . . .	430
Bangle . . . . .	Mr. Cotterell . . . . .	76
Blackpool Breeze . . . . .	Lord Wantage . . . . .	510
Aldenham Prudence . . . . .	Mr. Greenwell . . . . .	170
Miss Constance . . . . .	Sir Blundell Maple . . . . .	700
Nailstone Royal Empress . . . . .	Lord Verulam . . . . .	270
Nellie . . . . .	Sir Walter Gilbey . . . . .	560
Sunray . . . . .	Mr. Kitchener . . . . .	70
THREE YEAR OLD FILLIES.		
Moorish Maiden . . . . .	Mr. Greenwell . . . . .	350
Maid of the Mist . . . . .	Sir James Blyth . . . . .	200
Stylish Beauty . . . . .	Messrs. Thompson . . . . .	160
Tacita . . . . .	Mr. Waddington . . . . .	85
Lady Cromwell . . . . .	Mr. Kitchener . . . . .	71
Busybody . . . . .	Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P. . . . .	62
Moors Cambria . . . . .	Mr. V. Cavendish . . . . .	250
Creslow Midnight . . . . .	Mr. T. Pratt . . . . .	73
TWO YEAR OLD FILLIES.		
Harold's Gem . . . . .	Mr. A. Henderson . . . . .	350
Queen Regent . . . . .	Mr. Greenwell . . . . .	290
Bounce . . . . .	H.R.H. Prince of Wales . . . . .	105
Waresley Festa . . . . .	Sir James Blyth . . . . .	150
Risky . . . . .	Mr. Wilder . . . . .	52
Sweet Violet . . . . .	Lord Llangatock . . . . .	250
Pear Blossom . . . . .	Mr. Greenwell . . . . .	60
Dolly Varden . . . . .	Mr. Harris . . . . .	50
Snowstorm . . . . .	Earl Egerton . . . . .	140
YEARLINGS.		
Royal Ruby . . . . .	Sir J. Blyth . . . . .	175
Royal Blue . . . . .	Captain Duncombe . . . . .	110
Vulcan's Lass . . . . .	Mr. W. Greenwell . . . . .	105
Harold's Echo . . . . .	Sir James Blyth . . . . .	300
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BIRKDALE.

## CYCLING NOTES.

WHAT is a "Bycillian Love Song?" The question suggests itself when one notes the contents of the "Cyclist's Pocket Book," a little manual which was first published a year ago by Messrs. Constable and Co., and is now issued for the current year. "Bycillian" is bad, for it is a corrupted spelling of a word that is itself corrupt; presumably "bicyllian" is meant, and is intended to convey the idea of "pertaining to the bicycle." The song itself, however, is less offensive; indeed, it has an agreeable lilt, and will suit the purposes of the cycling baritone. The "Pocket Book" is a useful publication, for it contains a good deal of information in little room. There are brief, but practical, chapters on touring, cycling obligations, the care of a machine, common ailments of a machine, tyres, etc., a cycle telegraph code, a list of telegraphic addresses of cycle makers, a copious diary, and other features too numerous to specify. It is well printed, and has the rounded edges which no pocket book should be without.

There is a wrinkle, by the way, in one chapter of the "Pocket Book," dealing with the care of a machine, which strikes me as new; and as cycling manuals have usually pretty much the same tale to tell over and over again nowadays, anything new is worthy of quotation. "One difficulty," says the writer of the chapter named, "often seriously felt by those who look after their own machines is the dirty state of the hands which generally ensues. Constant washing with soap, hot water, brushes, and pumice only roughens the skin, and makes the penetration of greasy dirt more and more tiresome. The best way to treat the hands when badly soiled with greasy dirt is to first pour into one a teaspoonful of salad oil, and rub it well all over them. If the hands are very dirty, this may be wiped off with any dry rag or paper, and a second application of oil well rubbed in. Then merely washing with ordinary soap in warm water, into which two or three drops of strong ammonia have been allowed to fall, will make all the oil vanish, and the skin will be washed clean without abrasion. Very little oil rubbed well in afterwards will do no harm. The fact is, that the dirty boy in *Punch* many years ago was not so bad as is supposed. He was asked, 'Do you ever wash your hands?' He said, 'No; I wait till they get 'ard, and then I 'iles 'em.'"

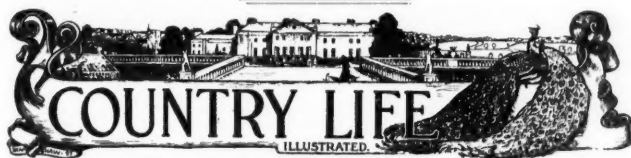
To cycle over a man's head would savour of the impossible, had it not been actually accomplished, though by accident rather than design. A well-known Australian cyclist was riding along one of the main streets of Noumea, when he found himself almost on the brink of an open trench, 10ft. deep and 1ft. wide. "Luckily," as the chronicler of the incident remarks in an Antipodean journal, "the close-cropped head of a convict working therein was sticking up just on

the level of the street," and the wheelman steered for the head, and crossed in safety! The convict does not know what happened to this day, but he got three days' solitary confinement for bad language; the cyclist, however, succeeded in obtaining a remission of the penalty, for which he was primarily responsible.

THE PILGRIM

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

THE HON. MRS. ST. JOHN CHARLTON, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is a daughter of the third Lord Abinger, and married, in 1885, Mr. Nicholas John Charlton, of Chilwell Hall, Nottinghamshire, as his second wife. The Charltons are a very old family, their ancestor having been confirmed in 1612 by Richard St. George, Norroy, in the right to bear the arms of his ancestors, which were then augmented by three cinquefoil, gu., and a crest granted as borne by his descendants. Mrs. Charlton's younger surviving sister is the widow of Major Tunstall Haverfield, late R.A. Her only brother is the present Baron. Her mother is a daughter of Commodore Magruder, late United States Navy.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Volumes I. and II. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready. Cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; or, half morocco, 25s. each.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of unsuitable contributions, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance.

## Generous Land-owners.

THE subject which it is our purpose to discuss appears, in the mere matter of title, to be altogether pleasant; but, when its essence is understood, it will be seen that it is really full of the same kind of difficulty as that which lies at the bottom of the warning not to look a gift horse in the mouth. Those men and women who read their country papers—not those which go by the name of "provincial dailies," but the old-established weekly journals of the market towns—cannot fail to have noticed the constant recurrence of a particular class of announcement. The form may vary, but the effect of the statement always is that the owner of some large estate has, in consideration of the depressed condition of agriculture, given back to his tenants a certain percentage of the rent payable by them to him. Nothing, it would seem, could be more praiseworthy. The landlord, the favourite subject of the fierce

invective of men who make a profitable business out of the "Land Question," appears surrounded by a species of halo. No longer the oppressor of the poor, he appears in the part, which for the most part fits him passing well, of the generous and sympathetic head of a community devoted to agricultural pursuits. He is the father and protector of the tenantry. Their losses are his losses. Of his own free will he takes a share in their sufferings. What is more, the estimate of him thus expressed is true; and it may be written with great safety and confidence, that during the recent evil times the rent receivers of Great Britain, the men who own the land and have a vast amount of capital irretrievably invested in it, have made during the last twenty years voluntary sacrifices such as the land-owners of no other country could parallel.

Why, then, should the matter be discussed, and why is the subject thorny? To townsmen pure and simple, who think that all the badinage concerning "splendid paupers" is fair argument, who are content to assume that landlords of agricultural land as such are rich, it seems simple and right that the men who receive the rent should exact less than is their due. They do not understand, simply because they do not know the facts, how it can possibly be the case that such spontaneous and generous sympathy, displayed in a practical form, can work for mischief. Those who live in the country are, very naturally, better informed, and, if the liberality of great landlords, and of small landlords who do not depend upon rent for income, is extolled in the county papers, it is none the less the cause of despairing and sometimes acrimonious discussion in many a country house. In truth, the practice of granting abatements is, howsoever necessary at times of emergency, by no means free from objection. When it becomes habitual on an estate, the tenantry expect their percentage as a matter of course. It is a gift, but their gratitude grows colder each half-year; and because it is a gift it saps their spirit of independence. Again, the enemies of land-owners, who will by no means give them credit for good motives, are encouraged to say that the very act of giving an abatement shows a secret consciousness that the rental is excessive. The facts are far otherwise, but the venomous criticism remains, and it bites into the hearts of the tenantry. Nor are the explanations of continued abatements sound. It is said that if land-owners reduced their nominal rentals they could not raise them again as times improve, as times are improving, we trust, now. The answer is that, in thousands of cases, it has been done before this without outcry and with absolute justification; and the further answer is that, of the numerous land-owners who grant abatements now, there are very few who are really called upon to be generous in this fashion. Rents, take them for all in all, are well below the market rate in England and Scotland and Wales.

There are, however, other and stronger objections. Abatements give rise to the most odious and senseless comparisons. The huge largesse of a rich land-owner to his tenants is contrasted with the less conspicuous but at least equally difficult liberality of the smaller land-owner. We know several cases of large estates which, for years past, have not returned any income to their owners by reason of abatements and expenditure on improvements. The curious may find such instances in blue-books. But it is obvious that, unless the owners of these properties had other sources of income, it would be financially impossible for them to carry on the business of estate owning on these principles. Certainly the man who must live on the rent of his broad acres, or lose his social position altogether, cannot be expected to give away all that he has. Yet, when he fails to keep up to the high standard of the rich owner, he is liable to be condemned by that considerable body of public opinion which is ill-informed. Moreover, the practice, unfortunately very prevalent, of using abatements as a basis for comparison of landlords in the matter of liberality, is fatally unjust. The whole of the conditions upon which a farm is held, varying infinitely as they do, and the history of its rent, ought to be taken into consideration before the figures are permitted to have any meaning. There are many holdings of which the rent has not been raised during the century, when others have been raised and reduced again time after time. Often a living will be made more easily off one farm without abatement than off an adjoining farm with a large allowance. But the human mind is apparently so constituted that it is never watchful lest it should be misled into false belief by statistical argument; and if one tenant, under one system of conditions, receives an allowance, while another farmer, under different and easier conditions, receives none, the second man will always have a grievance. Nor, unreal as the grievance may be, is this a surprising feeling. No less a personage than a Royal Commissioner, investigating agricultural depression for the information of Parliament, has been heard to say, "Do you consider 15 per cent. a sufficient reduction to meet these bad times?" The question, of course, proved him incompetent to perform his duty; but, after all, it only illustrated a popular fallacy to which the practice of continuing abatements has given rise.

## COUNTRY NOTES.

**D**URING the past week England has lost two men, each of them a striking figure in his generation. The name of "Lewis Carroll" will not be forgotten until merry English children cease in the land and grown men and women have lost all sense of humour. "Alice," whom Tenniel helped us to realise, is immortal; and the demure, precise, and retiring mathematician, whose face will be missed in Tom Quad, was about the last man in the world one would have expected to produce so bubbling a fountain of humour. But he could be sharp in repartee on occasion; witness his answer to a tandem-driving youth who had spilled an Egyptian Prince out of his cart the day before, "Wilt thou slay me as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?"

Gone from our midst, unusually full of years, honoured and revered by men of every party, is the Father of the House of Commons; the man who fought the great battle of his life side by side with Bright and Cobden, and was actually their fore-runner in the Corn Law movement. He was a politician of an old and rare stamp. Retiring by nature, he went little into Society, but he was the beau-ideal of a political club member. Careless of his own interests, regardless of the position which he occupied personally in the public mind so long as his principles triumphed, he stood aside and let Cobden take all the glory of victory. His self-sacrifice, said Cobden, was god-like. Dignified in manner, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, he was beloved of all; his bowed figure, and the antique frilled shirt, will be missed sadly now that he has gone. Certainly no man ever served his country more faithfully, or with less substantial reward.

Our correspondent in the Shires sends the following notes:—"On Monday, January 10th, the Quorn met at Keyham. The date would make the events of that day somewhat ancient history, and I only refer to it as hunting was practically rendered impossible by fog. This nuisance—and up to now we have lost more days through mist than by reason of frost—seems to have been prevalent everywhere. Lord Rothschild's followers had to go home without any sport, and the Grafton, so a friend who lives in the country tells me, though they hunted, and scored two very good runs, were much hindered by the same cause. Bishopp, who is one of the best of our younger huntsmen, managed to stick to and actually kill a fox with this pack at Towcester in a pig-stye. 'Nothing but the grand way these hounds threw their tongues,' writes my friend, 'enabled us to keep in touch with them.' I note this because, some weeks ago, I was hunting with a provincial pack in a woodland country. These were a smart lot of bitches, but never have I heard hounds so chary of tongue. It is true, no doubt, that hounds cannot speak much when racing over grass with a jealous field riding at their sterns, but on the occasion to which I refer hounds were in a large woodland where no one could press on them, and yet not a sound was to be heard. Hounds need to be suited to their country just as much as horses, and above all things in woodlands they should have tongue—a matter which I cannot help thinking is not always regarded in the eager pursuit of fashion in the pack by those who breed them.

"At Prestwold, Lord Lonsdale held the customary meet of the Quorn on Thursday, the day after the Loughborough Dispensary Ball. It is at Prestwold that Mr. and Lady Alice Pache live, the former of whom has successfully reconciled the foxes and pheasants in his coverts. The shooting at Prestwold is excellent, and so are the foxes, for it was from The Spinnies that one gave a good gallop of over an hour. This was no dry nursed cub, but a real wild fox which knew plenty of country. The course of the run was a wide ring, but who would cavil at the leading of a fox which takes you over the practicable fences and sound old turf of the Sixhills and Thrusington country? Lord Lonsdale was carrying the horn, for Tom Fitt has not yet got over his fall, and, indeed, I hear has gone to Brighton for a change. When hounds had completed the circle and got back to Wymeswold, he was given up. On trotting again to Prestwold it was found that two couple of hounds had brought their fox back and killed him. Among those who saw this gallop were Lord Harrington, the master of the South Notts, so well known at Hurlingham, and who seems to grow keener with each recurring season; Lord Crawshaw, one of the most gallant of veterans, whose son-in-law, Mr. R. M. Knowles, is a pillar of sport in three hunts; Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, the latter quite recovered, apparently, from her accident; Lady Gerard, on one of those well-bred, true-shaped hunters she always rides; Mr. Hugh Owen (poor Roddy's brother); Mr. T. F. Laycock, who is fond of shooting as well as hunting, and can afford to indulge his tastes; Miss Muir, neat and well mounted as ever; and two ladies whom I did not know, but one of whom was said to be Lady Teynham.

"Carlton Hall, which belongs to Sir Lewis Palmer, and is let to Mr. and Lady Hilda McNeill, is a very picturesque grey house, which stands in the very middle of Mr. Fernie's Thursday country. Mr. C. McNeill is one of the keenest and best men over this stiff country, and Lady Hilda was our best lady without doubt. At Carlton, too, there is one of the best kennels of working wire-haired fox-terriers in England. Not mere show-bench shivers are these dogs, but real keen little chaps, that will go to ground and bolt a fox. Lord Lonsdale has two of the breed always out, and when in this country we send for one of Mr. McNeill's terriers, we know the fox has got to go. At Carlton Clump there is a little every year, and foxes in this part of the country are well looked after. When Mr. McNeill told us we should find an outlyer we knew that he had 'harboured' him pretty accurately. So when hounds trotted off to find him the wise ones kept their eye on the hounds. 'Tally-ho,' a thrill runs through the pack. A hound gives a dash forward, the speckled mass sways and turns with a ringing chorus, which dies away to a rippling chime as the pace over the grass increases—they are off. The run was past Burton Overy, now, thanks to Messrs. Stuart and Oswin, no longer a bird-cage, with the Leicester road on the left. Glenn was his point, no doubt, but somewhere short of the Duchess of Hamilton's house the fox swung away, and running round Burton Overy, went over the Stretton pastures towards Norton Gorse. Whether he went through or past I was not near enough to say, though a turn to the right here favoured us, and we swept right along the Ashlands Valley (is there a better line in Leicestershire?) to Rolleston. As Lord Churchill lives here, naturally there were plenty of foxes, and the one we were following, who must have had enough, found a substitute almost equally bold. Those who had second horses went on with hounds, those who hadn't skirted, and becoming, in the quaint phraseology of the hunting correspondent, 'followers of Mr. Macadam,' managed to track the line of the merry chase to Tilton Wood.

"On Tuesday and Wednesday the Cottesmore and Belvoir met at Tilton village and Freeby respectively, both these places being unusual fixtures. In each case, however, the move was a popular one with the people of the neighbourhood. But on no day can you hunt without scent. On Tuesday Gillson and the Cottesmore bitches did their best with a poor scent and a twisting fox. In my humble opinion, foxes know when they leave a scent, and run straight or twist about according to circumstances. The Belvoir had no sport at all; not that I suggest a blank day, but there was nothing to make a run out of. The Belvoir hounds hunt on a bad scent rather at a disadvantage, as the field press on them a good deal. But this is not so much to be blamed as usual, for these hounds are so quick, and leave you behind if you lose touch with them with such certainty, that it is very difficult to help being a little over-anxious. It used to be rather a source of pride to me that I never pressed on hounds, for having hunted a pack myself I knew what the huntsman's feelings were. But on Wednesday I found myself once or twice much nearer the pack than I ought to have been, but, though that was no excuse, in the best of company."

No very brilliant sport fell to the followers of the Southdown Foxhounds on Friday, when they met at Hangleton, for only short running foxes were found, and scent was far from good. Wadsley, who carried the horn in the absence of the master, the Hon. Charles Brand, found his first fox close to the Dyke; the "warmint," however, soon sought shelter in a little patch of gorse hard by, from which he was ejected with some difficulty. Hounds then ran over the Dyke hill into the vale below, where they marked their fox to ground in a drain. A pole was soon procured, and the pack in a short time had the satisfaction of eating their faint-hearted quarry. Later in the day a Newtimber fox took hounds on to the Downs, and there succeeded in evading his pursuers. On Saturday the meet was at Rodmell. A fox was quickly found in a rape field, but an open earth brought the run to an abrupt conclusion. Hounds then drew a gorse covert on the hills, and on finding ran very fast, at length marking their fox to ground after a smart little gallop of some twenty minutes. In the afternoon a longer run was enjoyed, hounds getting into the brook country below the hills.

The Bedale Hounds have had capital sport of late. On Friday the meet was at Catterick, where an outlying fox afforded a fifty-five minutes' gallop without a check, and then ran on slowly to Stapleton Whin, in the Zetland country, where he escaped. A second fox from Crosshills gave an afternoon gallop to those who stayed with hounds. On Monday the fixture was Leyburn, and after the Shawl had been tried blank a move was made to Danby Whin, where, after a short delay, two foxes broke away, the one pointing for Barden giving the field a run of forty minutes without a check, then running across the open moor afforded a very pretty hunting run, eventually being lost near Hudswell, after an hour and thirty-five minutes all over grass and heather.

The Hornby Castle Coursing Meeting was certainly one of the most successful held this season; though the generous patron of the gathering, the Duke of Leeds, had hard luck with his own nominations, he had the extreme satisfaction of knowing that all the stakes filled, and also that every visitor was delighted with the legitimate character of the trials. This fine estate, situated as it is in a delightful part of the county of broad acres, is easily accessible from Newcastle and Leeds, consequently the attendance each day was immense. Almost every Northern kennel of note was represented, but the honours clearly fell to Mr. T. F. Waters, who, it may be remembered, succeeded to the fine string formed by the late Mr. Matthew Fletcher, of Little Lever, Lancashire. That "blood will tell" never received fuller proof than has been the case with this kennel, for although Mr. Waters has not been over-fortunate this season, his greyhounds have run with a finish lacking in representatives of more fashionable kennels. His trainer believes in old-fashioned methods, and there was no prouder man than the old Scotchman who, with Warm Welcome and What's the Matter, won the Hornby Castle Stake and the accompanying valuable trophy presented by the Duke of Leeds. To the Messrs. Fawcett fell the corresponding trophy put up for the Baines Stake. It will be a long, long time before memories of this meeting are forgotten by those fortunate enough to be there.

Although Wappenbury and the meeting of the Rochford Hundred Club, not to mention Borris-in-Ossory—across the channel—clashed with the grand fixture in the North of England, all were well supported. The feature of the Rochford gathering, held over the Paglesham Marshes, was the return to form of Dr. Rutherford Harris's Highwayman, who, since winning the Newmarket Champion Stakes last season, has never shown his true form. He will, in all probability, fill the nomination of his owner—who is now in South Africa—at Altcar next month, for Mr. R. S. Pye, who now has charge of the whole string, has got this fine dog into splendid condition. The sport at Wappenbury, thanks to the careful preservation of fur by Mr. G. Darlinson, was excellent, but none of the running is likely to have much bearing on future events. At the Irish meeting, however, Mr. W. Smyrl, who last year divided the Irish Waterloo with Mr. Swinburne, won the stake with Still Royal, his representative twelve months ago, and Wolf Hill. The latter, who in 1896 ran up to Fabulous Fortune at Altcar, has furnished into a grand dog, and will certainly trouble a few of the English-bred nominations if sent to Altcar a month hence.

Evidence of the effect of the mild winter on wild life comes from every part of England. "Shooting at the end of the second week of January was already a week too late for guns to be out," writes a correspondent. "When driving partridges to kill down a surplus stock of old birds, numbers were found to be paired. There was a general feeling of spring in the air; the rooks were repairing the nests, thrushes and blackbirds were singing, the hares were courting as if it were March instead of January, and, most extraordinary of all, a peewit's nest was found with one egg in it, on Saturday, January 15th." This was in Berkshire, near Clifton Hampden. Winter beans are four inches high, primroses are out in the hedges, and the yellow aconite is in full blossom in the shrubberies. Should this weather continue a very early pheasant and partridge season will follow, for nesting will begin a month before the usual time, and birds will be forward.

The proposed Marlow to Henley branch of the Great Western Railway is likely to meet with considerable opposition, and we trust the movement led by Sir John Edwards-Moss, the popular owner of Thamesfield, Henley, will prove successful. All oarsmen, and the majority of pleasure-seekers up river, would deplore any such interference with the beauties of the Thames as would be necessitated by the proposed railway. A bridge would be erected just below Marlow Lock, and another between Henley Bridge and Marsh Lock, crossing one of the small islands where house-boats congregate, and spoiling a charming prospect, while a railway station at or near Thamesfield and an embankment towards Remenham would destroy much of the charm of this lovely neighbourhood. One can hardly think that two such ordinarily quiet towns as Marlow and Henley require the proposed line, while it is certainly not wanted for regatta traffic. A station near the grand stand is entirely unnecessary, as the majority of passengers wish to land on the Henley side near the boat-yards, and recent improvements have made the present Henley branch of the Great Western quite equal to the heaviest demands made upon it by even a record regatta crowd.

Every sportsmanlike instinct revolts against a story that comes from Hawk's Hill, near Deal. Sundry farmers, exasperated by losses of poultry, "supposed to have been due to a fox," organised what they called a hunt, but what we call a destroying party. Amateur hunts of this kind are wrong, and if there is a poultry fund attached to the hunt of the district, farmers always get compensation. At any rate, the farmers found

no fox, but a terrier detected a badger's hole. Finding, however, is not drawing, as the terrier no doubt discovered to his cost, if his courage lasted until he was within reach of the "grey." So these noble sportsmen got a spade, and by patient delving reached the badger, whom they slew. He was 40lb. in weight, that is to say, a grand specimen. He might have afforded a lot of sport; he afforded none. Moreover, except in outlying parts of the country, badgers are not so common as to justify sheer butchery of this kind. Except in ferreting, the spade is not a sporting weapon.

It is rumoured that it is in contemplation to have the close time for snipe from March 1st to October 1st all over Ireland. The Counties Galway and King's adopted this rule a short time ago, and it is proposed to have this extension of time made universal throughout the Green Isle. As the law stands, snipe can be shot on August 1st, and sportsmen know that these home-bred birds are neither good to eat nor difficult to shoot. Snipe are said to be breeding far more numerously in Ireland than heretofore, and Irish snipe-shooting gives some of the very best sport that can be had. May the report be true.

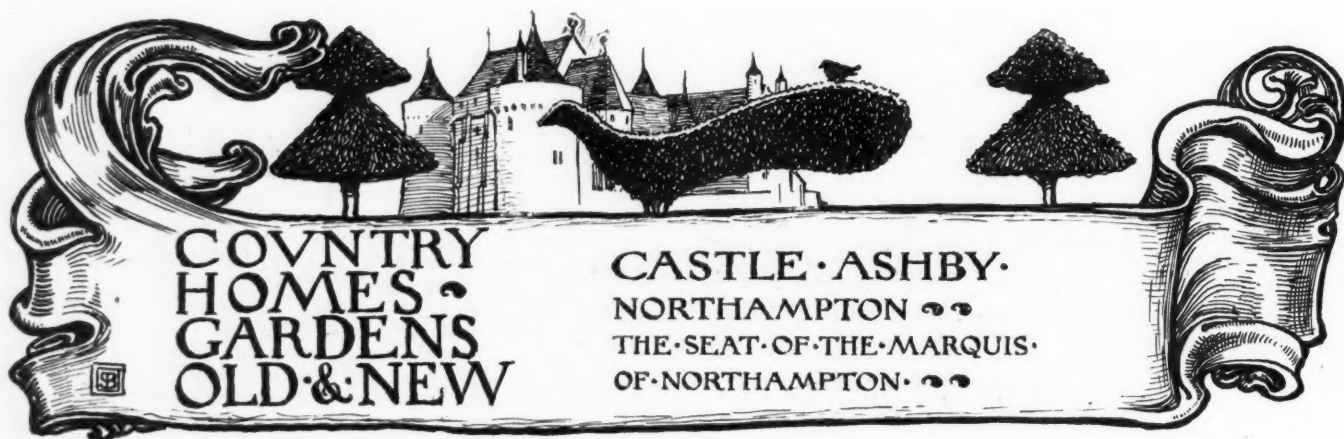
A Buenos Ayres paper says that hares are increasing to such an extent in Santa Fé that they threaten to become a perfect nuisance. The hare has a very useful appetite, and the nibblings of Puss are making grass very scarce for the sheep. The same paper quotes a well-known sporting journal as its authority for the rapidity with which hares increase if unmolested, by repeating a statement which appeared some time ago, to the effect that a gentleman placed a pair of hares in a walled-in garden in the beginning of January, and at the expiration of the year he found forty hares instead of two!

A very unusual incident was witnessed with the Kildare Hounds quite recently—viz., a hound tackling and killing a fox, and that a good stout old dog, single-handed. Two or three members of the Kildares, who had got a bit thrown out in a run from Castlemartin to Halverstown, came suddenly on one of the hounds in hot chase of a fox. He was within roysds. as they crossed the road, where the hound was evidently holding Reynard for pace, for the latter was not able to gain a yard, and, turning, came back to the road again, and made a drive into some thick bushes on the fence. The gallant hound, however, not to be denied, dashed in upon him, and, after a rough and tumble fight, gave him a crunch which finished him.

For downright pluck there are few dogs who come up to the rough greyhound, such as may be occasionally met with in Ireland and Scotland. These dogs have probably a distant cross of the old wolfhound in them, to which is probably due the courage and obstinacy with which they will tackle such formidable foes as the fox, the badger, or the otter. A badger has been known to be killed single-handed by one of these dogs, and it is also on record that a large otter, getting into a shallow drain, was pursued and killed by a rough greyhound. Both these instances occurred in Ireland, the former in the Queen's County, and the latter in Tipperary.

If any man should have entertained the least doubt about the possibility of conveying to fish in the water an intimation of his own presence on the bank by careless treading, and so scaring them beyond the best attractions of his angling skill, the present time, when the banks are apt to be frozen hard, and fringed with ice, is the time to set his doubts at rest by ocular proof. For if the water outside the fringe of ice be at all tolerably smooth, it may be seen responding, by ripples, just at the junction between ice and water, to every firm footfall on the bank. The ripples, of course, are evidently formed by the trembling of the ice communicated by the earth of the bank from the sole of the man's foot.

No doubt the ice is a remarkably good conductor of such vibration, and the fact that it is in solid contact with the bank would be likely to make the vibration of the earth more acutely felt in the stream than if all was in its ordinary state of fluidity. But if, even with all these circumstances to aid it, the fall of a man's foot on the bank can send such plain and unmistakable ripples—waves in miniature—far out, many yards from the bank, surely that is sufficient evidence that when the circumstances are ordinary, such vibration would be communicated plainly enough to the senses of the fish. There are few men, perhaps, who will admit, in theory, that they feel a doubt of the capacity of fish to recognise this vibration from the bank, but in practice the generality neglect the very obvious maxims of cautious and stealthy walking that a conviction of this faculty on the fishes' part would naturally suggest. The writer has seen even so bold a fish as a pike obviously scared away by the approach to the water's edge of a man whom the fish could not possibly have seen, on account of a high and overgrown bank intervening between the man and the water; and if such careless approach can move a pike, it will terrify a timid fish.

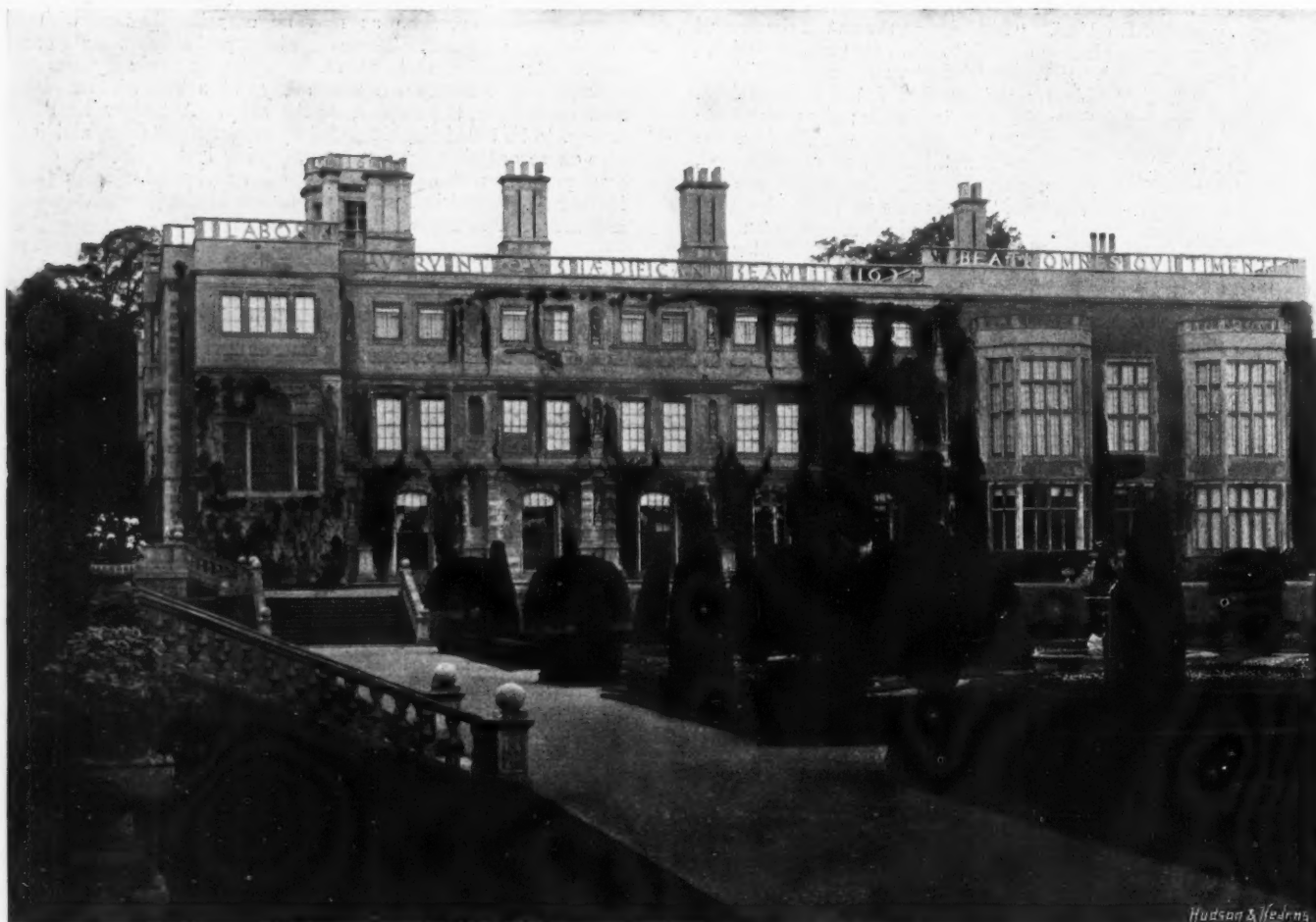


THE situation of Castle Ashby is high, and from the terrace in front of the house there is an expansive view of a great part of the valley of the Nen, with abundant waving woods, and towers and spires peeping out from the thickets. The Home Park is very beautiful, with green "ridings" through it, but less wild than the neighbouring woods of Yardley Chase. These are the splendid framework for the gardens we are now to contemplate, which are among the older gardens of England. Many a time, with their immediate surroundings, have they been modified in accordance with changing tastes, and now they present, in the main, a severely formal character of design, but a combination, we may say, of varied styles—appropriate to the house they surround—in which, as may be gleaned from the illustrations, formal pattern-beds are the distinguishing feature.

In such a creation as is depicted we discover the evidence of unflagging zeal and of deep love for the place thus splendidly adorned, for these elaborate terraces and gay parterres entitle the gardens of Castle Ashby to be numbered among the most sumptuous, perhaps, in the world. Their formal character is that of earlier Victorian days, before that considerable revolution towards picturesque gardening had been brought about, which contributed greatly to change the prevailing order of things. Some there are who say that this revolution has given us the

glorious family of hardy plants, added to our roses, and presented us with picturesque beds and groupings of flowers that artists may paint, and from which abundant blooms may be culled for our homes. Yet gardening art is eclectic, and it is only with extravagance that violent change begins. If the older style of carpet bedding had its defects, it also, as we may see, in its best form, had surpassing charms, rich in the beauties of most glorious colour pictures. It still remains with us as a distinctive feature of many gardens, and we are yet far in this country from the inartistic conceptions that are the monstrosities of some Transatlantic parks. These particular beds at Castle Ashby have been planned, apparently, upon a semi-Saracenic pattern—or, shall we say, of hearts intertwined?—and are elaborately planted with pelargoniums and a wealth of other summer flowers.

The great formal garden is that which is approached from the broad terrace of gravel facing the house. Here, as we enter, are very fine gates of Italian ironwork from Padua, between terra-cotta piers designed by Wyatt, enriched with cherubs supporting arms on the top, and beautified by elaborate cinquecento work below. The flower garden itself is approached by a flight of steps inserted, so to speak, in a sloping bank. Here are beds of extreme richness, with two fountains, choice urns, and cut shrubs at intervals. The late Marquis of Northampton,





GARDENS OLD AND NEW: CASTLE ASHBY; GARDEN FRONT, WITH FOUNTAIN.

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who was something of an invalid, loved to spend much of his time in this delightful place, and to plan out varied coloured pictures as the summers passed away.

Few terraced gardens can command such a view as we behold from this. It is a prospect thoroughly English and leafy, tempting one to explore its hidden depths, beautiful in spring for tender greens, in summer for richness, and in autumn for the hues of dying foliage. On one side is the venerable church, which was restored by Street, embosomed in woodland, and with many a fine old tree to look down upon it. In front, the view is very extensive, sweeping over parkland, across water, and into the verdant distance. An old plan still exists of the terraced garden which once was in front of the house. But this was swept away long ago, perhaps by "Capability" Brown, who was responsible, in large measure, for the grounds, water, and shrubbery.

gardens, one, for example, being of turf, with trees and flowering shrubs. Then we pass into an Italian garden, while facing the large conservatory of stone, which was designed by Wyatt, and has a remarkable twisting staircase to its terraced top, there is an area of yew and box hedges, with roses, carnations, and many other flowers that are the glory of British gardens. We pass on to the pleasant kitchen garden, with its herbs for the still room, and then, crossing the long walk, wander by borders of beautiful hardy flowers to an interesting wilder portion of the grounds, where spring flowers of many kinds are blooming. And so, from point to point, we search out new beauties, and visit the beautiful ponds or lakes, which were formed by Brown, and can scarcely fail to please even his detractors. But here, with wanton hand, he worked destruction, for two rows of trees, forming part of one of the avenues planted about 1699, were cut down by his orders. "Thames!" he is



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FLOWER GARDEN AND PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The present gardens were designed in part by the late Marquis of Northampton, who formed the terraces, designing one for Theodosia, Lady Northampton, and planned the balustrades. Many of these changes were effected about the year 1865, so that the broad terraces, straight walks, and fountains are comparatively modern, though they bear the character of an earlier day, and moss clothes them tenderly, clinging to the clefts in their walls. It was a happy thought of the designer to work out in the open balustrade a pious lettering, in accordance with the spirit which had been shown by the builders of Castle Ashby itself. Thus, along the external balustrade which its letters support, is the appropriate quotation, perforated against the greenery behind, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

On the south side of the house we come to a sequence of

said to have exclaimed when contemplating his creations of wood and water, "Thames! thou wilt never forgive me!" One gets many a pretty peep, too, from the ornamental stone bridge across the water, and may look over at the water-lilies and the wild flowers by the wooded banks, among which is discerned the glorious British iris, the yellow flag of many a stream and lake.

But with all these beauties we link the splendid feature of the great avenue of elms, which is comparable in extent and magnificence to the Long Walk at Windsor. The avenue is three miles in length, and is probably the finest formed of these beautiful trees in England. It would appear that the vista was much extended by the late Marquis of Northampton, the great "gardener" of Castle Ashby. In 1715, four avenues of elms existed, planted on the four sides of the house, but of three of these only a few trees remain to tell of former grandeur, and some of the destruction is certainly to be attributed to the

iconoclastic hand of Brown, whose ravages excited the anger of many of his contemporaries and successors. But the great

avenue that remains is splendid at all seasons—equally in spring, when the tender green leaves unfold, in the richer hues of leafy

June, and again in the glorious golden tints of the autumn. This great avenue extends into that fine tract of woodland known as Yardley Chase, which is a wild and beautiful region, with green "ridings" through its thickets, which are formed of dense old trees, bordered by spruce and Scotch firs. A rural poet has celebrated the woodland beauty of Castle Ashby. Cowper, who lived not far away at Olney, delighted in the green gloom of Yardley, where he made the venerable oaks his companions. Some of these are truly splendid specimens of ancient growth, particularly that known as the Yardley Oak, and other hoary giants near Yardley Hastings. We may not inappropriately, therefore, conclude this account of Castle Ashby and its gardens with Cowper's lines upon the famous neighbouring oak of Yardley:—

"Thou wast a bauble once, a cup  
and ball,  
Which babes might play with;  
and the thievish jay,  
Seeking her food, with ease might  
have purloined  
The auburn nut that held thee,  
swallowing down  
The yet close-folded latitude of  
boughs,  
And all thy embryo vastness, at  
a gulp."



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WINDING STAIR TO ROOF OF CONSERVATORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## THE MAKING OF LAWNS.

**A** BROAD velvety lawn is a glorious feature of an English garden. It adds dignity and repose to the house, is restful to the eye, and a simple setting for beds of hardy flowers or bold shrub groups. Many noble houses are spoiled by a mass of conifers and shrubs under the windows, shutting out light and air, and sometimes obliterating beautiful work. In early Victorian days, when the bedding out fever raged, many a fair lawn was sliced into finicking patchwork designs, destroying all the beauty of surface. Unfortunately, lawns, when of ample dimensions and running close to the house, are often badly kept. We cease to find interest and pleasure in a weedy lawn, or so indifferently maintained that daisy, dandelion, and plantain revel in undisturbed possession. To make them and to keep them—that is a true English art.

**MAKING A LAWN.**—Lawns may be formed in any aspect, if they have a thorough foundation. Unless this is faultless, troubles will arise before many years have flown. Any soil will support rough grass, but to ensure a rich velvety sward fine loam is necessary, and a mixture of the best lawn grasses. When the soil is stiff and heavy, lighten it by adding finely-sifted coal-ashes or road sweepings. Poor soils may be enriched by mixing stable manure with them, and a little soot; at the same time, where possible, add liberally a lighter and richer loam, remembering that from a garden promotes strong growth. A very light soil is not congenial to a thick, luxuriant sward, and will require heavy loam, mixed with some pig manure, to retain moisture, or stable dung from a place in which peat moss litter has been used. Although a lawn constantly wet is a failure, a too dry soil is not required. Very shallow soil, such as one often finds above sand, gravel, or chalk, needs a good layer of stiff loam, and to be treated in the way advised for light, quickly-drained ground.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF DRAINAGE.**—The majority of failures are due to imperfect drainage. Unless the soil is free from stagnation, it is folly to look for success, especially if the lawn be required for tennis. It is not wise to put deep drains at considerable distances apart, the best policy being to use several at a foot or eighteen inches below the surface. The cost is rather less, both for labour and pipes. Everything in regard to what depth the drains should be placed depends upon the character of the soil and position. During late and early spring, grass is usually damper than at any other period of the year. If sodden, moss makes quick and luxuriant growth, moisture-loving weeds spread, and the lawn is rendered practically useless even in mid-summer. We must remember, however, that over-drainage is

an evil. Where the position is raised, or there is a natural slope, artificial drainage is unnecessary, even when the soil is heavy and stiff. When making a level sward upon a slope of this character, carry away to the sides the water that drains down from above, otherwise, after a heavy shower or season of rains, the lawn will be unpleasantly spongy.

**LEVELLING A LAWN.**—Levelling is not so difficult as many suppose. A perfectly flat surface is not always desirable, but having made the main body of soil as level as possible, with the aid of the eye only, after a glance from more than one direction, decide upon the mean height. Set a shallow brick here, and at some point, several feet distant, place another. Upon these set a piece of stiff quartering, or a common spirit-level, used to secure a perfectly horizontal surface, raising or lowering the bricks until this is obtained. Add or remove the soil as may be necessary, and repeat the operation from various positions, remembering that the first guide brick set must be taken as the level. A strong piece of string tightly stretched from point to point is a good guide in the earlier stages, and by driving in a few pegs at various parts of the ground, the tops of which are at the desired level, all risk of failure will be avoided.

**LAWNS UPON SLOPING GROUND.**—When making a level lawn upon sloping ground, set a stump or peg at the lower end, and at a height considered necessary to take the soil that is to be removed from the upper part. Proceed by digging a trench, if it may be thus described, of just sufficient width to take a piece of string readily, and follow this until the further end is deep enough to stretch the string tight and level. One can readily discover then whether calculations are correct. To make an even slope, use the strings and pegs in the same way, stretching two or more throughout the whole length, and working up to these as may be required. The level and straight-edge are required here also, as by placing them horizontally, and afterwards using the straight-edge from point to point in the direction of the slope, the latter is made uniform.

**PREPARATION FOR SOWING OR TURF-LAYING.**—There are, of course, two ways of forming a lawn, one by seeds and the other by laying down turf. The surface of the soil must be made level and dressed down finely. When a lawn is to be relaid with the same turf, lift this previous to levelling. It is important to move the whole of the soil uniformly, if possible, but in many cases this cannot be accomplished. Always endeavour to rest the ground a short time before sowing seed or laying turf. The turves must be unrolled and laid as closely together as

possible, beating them down as the work proceeds. Before putting down a second row, rake over the soil again. Use a plank to walk upon, and fill in any indentations with finely-sifted soil. The level must be used again in laying the turves, as unless these are cut of uniform thickness previous levelling will be of no avail. Trim off the edges with a sharp turfing-knife, being careful to set the line tight and straight.

**SOWING SEED.**—Lawns are, of course, not so quickly obtained from seed as from turf. When, however, it is determined to make the lawn thus, place a narrow verge of turf round the edges of the ground, beating the grass well and even. A peck of seed will sow rather more than 2,000 square feet of ground, or from 4lb. to 5lb. may be used to the square rod or pole. Stir the mixture well during sowing, as the seeds vary greatly in weight. A better plan than this is to mix the seed with light soil and then scatter the preparation broadcast, as evenly as possible. Rake over the surface again, and stretch lines of thread across to prevent birds from picking out the best and heaviest seeds. The most satisfactory time for seed sowing is April or late August.

**SELECTING AND CUTTING TURF.**—Choose turf from pasture or down, free from weeds, such as dandelion, plantain, daisies, thistles, docks, yarrow. Let each turf be of uniform width, and from 2in. to 2½in. deep. Roll the turves up, grass side inwards, and lay them down as soon as possible after they have been cut. When the turf is in its place, dress over with some good loam, and work this well into the crevices with a broom. Sweeping and rolling will do much towards securing a level lawn. In regard to seed, when the seedling grass is about 2in. high, roll and sweep the sward, gently at first. Cut the grass after 2in. more growth has been made, merely, however, clipping off the tops. It depends wholly upon the condition of the lawn when it should be cut, but constant rolling and sweeping promote a glossy surface. Sweeping distributes worm casts, whilst rolling checks undue activity on the part of the worm. Worms are not injurious to lawns, as they drain the ground naturally, and when the creatures are numerous, one may be assured that drainage is necessary. Towards autumn, and in winter, when the lawn is wet, sweeping and rolling should not be neglected.

**DESTROYING WEEDS AND APPLYING MANURES.**—Yarrow, dandelion, dock, plantain, and weeds of this nature must be removed bodily with an old knife or spud. There is no other way of destroying the enemy; and only perseverance will bring a weedy lawn into good condition. As a rule a weedy lawn is in need of fertilisers, and a thin lawn may be dressed with a mixture of grass and white Dutch clover, using these at one-fourth the rate as advised previously. In the summer months a sprinkling of guano, bone-meal, or similar artificial manure may be given during showery weather. These are not unsightly, and impart vigour and good colour to the grass. In late autumn and winter well-decayed stable manure, where peat-moss litter was used, soot especially when moss is present, may be applied with

much advantage. In dealing with grass filled with moss, rake off the latter and dress the surface with rich loam two parts and one part of lime, applying this mixture in autumn or during showery weather. Another way of improving a poor lawn is by giving it a shallow dressing of decayed vegetable refuse, manure, and loam in equal proportions, passing the mixture through a coarse sieve. Sow bare places with seed, and wood ashes or any dressing of rich soil may be given with advantage. But the best recipe for making a good lawn is that of the gardeners at Trinity, Cambridge:—"First we mows 'em and then we rolls 'em for a hundred years."

## ON THE GREEN.

**T**HERE is a prospect of yet another golf green being created in the East of Forfarshire, a country already peculiarly well equipped with golf links. That stretch of links at Barry, where the soldiers encamp, has always been looked on with a desiring eye by the golfer, and he now seems to have acquired it. At least, if it be not exactly the ground that the military occupy—where he might run a very tolerable chance of being shot—he has acquired the stretch lying between the military occupation ground and the eastern portion of the Monifieth links. The course is being set in order by a syndicate that has purchased the stretch of links—sufficient for a full course of eighteen holes—and the plans of a new club-house are already, we are assured, in the contractor's hands; £1,000 is named as the purchase price, and as the syndicate is said to consist of forty members, subscribing £100 each, it is clear that there will be a comfortable margin for the house and the work on the green. This links country is a ready-made golfing ground, and requires no great work. A little hacking away of marram grass, a little levelling of putting greens, a little improvement of lies, and a very little turfing—that is all that ground of this natural golfing quality requires; the human foot, best of all rollers, does the rest. So there is every reason to suppose that this new green, though it starts in the midst of neighbourhoods that are formidable enough rivals, will hold its own with them, even with Carnoustie, and may be a really valuable addition to Scottish greens, though these be already legion. The fact that the purchasing syndicate is formed entirely of members of the Dalhousie Golf Club, of Carnoustie, and the Panmure Club, of Monifieth, is proof positive of the excellence of the ground for golf, for unless they had been fully convinced on this point they would probably have rested content with the two excellent greens on which they already have the right of playing.

Willie Park is really a wonderful golfer. We hear of him at one moment engaged in extending his club and ball making business even as far afield as America, and yet when he comes back to the links, he seems to bring as clear an eye and as untroubled a mind to it as anyone that has not a business care to bless himself with. Lately we understand that he has been going round the extended course at North Berwick in a score lower than that course has ever been negotiated before. It is right to speak of it thus, rather than as an actual record, for the course, though nominally the extended one, was not by any means at the fullest length of its extension. Still, his 74 was a great performance, recalling the days when anything above the neighbourhood of 70 was considered rather poor by Bernard Sayers on the old short course. Curiously enough—for it is singular how often we have had occasion to remark it lately—his fine score was made in a three-ball match. Mr. D. M. Jackson and Mr. J. Oliver, of the Tantallon Club, were his opponents. Park was giving each a third, and they did well to make so close a game, under the circumstances, for he beat the former by one only, and the latter by two.



## "The Circus Girl."

**T**HE reappearance of Miss Ellaline Terriss at the Gaiety Theatre after her long absence makes this moment not inappropriate for a consideration of that unique and wonderful thing, a Gaiety "show"—a style of theatrical entertainment that has not its like anywhere on earth. What was once the resting-place of "the sacred lamp of burlesque" is now the abode of a nondescript class of "play," which sets the fashion for imitators all the world over, but which is never equalled elsewhere. What is a Gaiety piece? It is easier to say what it is not. It is not art—though on this point there is an important reservation to be made; it has no form; it has no plot, yet this absence of body is not balanced by the wit of its language; it lacks much that rendered old-fashioned burlesque something more than a vehicle for the gathering together of pretty women.

It has some of the attributes of the Parisian *revues*, for, like them, it shoots folly as it flies and satirises events of the moment; but this, at the Gaiety, is merely spasmodic and incidental, in Paris it is the be-all and the end-all. It is not art—in itself, as

a whole—but in detail it has much that is artistic, much that on its own plane is not to be matched elsewhere; taken as an entirety it is artless, but it is made up of many little things, so graceful, so dainty, so clever; it is artistic always in its colouring; in its dancing, nearly always; in its music—for music need not be serious to be artistic—generally, though this is interlarded with some of the most horrible examples of the English music-hall, the Parisian *café-chantant*, and the American "vaudeville," that were ever invented to set the teeth on edge and the drums of the ear vibrating in agony. Next to a sweet and alluring little chanson—and these are generally very charming at the Gaiety—we often find a ditty the banality of which is really appalling. In justice to the management it must be said that they would probably much rather avoid these, but the peculiar temperament of a peculiar section of the Gaiety *clientèle* demands them; if this section would only require cleverness in its vulgarity it would not seem so utterly hopeless, but cleverness is never asked for, though on rare occasions it is given. We have not wit at the Gaiety, or repartee or the play of fancy in the language, but then we have very little of these anywhere in



Photo. by A. Ellis,

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

Upper Baker Street, W.

Anglo-Saxondom; in the place of them we have a rough-and-ready humour that, while it is generally obvious and laid on with a trowel, yet has a genial comicality and fun that makes this theatre representative of the nation as a whole. Those who never go to the Gaiety have an idea that they would be shocked and insulted in speech and gesture and suggestion on the stage. Never was there a greater mistake. There is vulgarity, it is true, but it is quite of the innocuous kind; there is hardly anything "French"—a word used as an euphemism—and what there is is less unpleasant than that of the majority of the farcical comedies to which materfamilias takes her daughters without a vestige of alarm.

In writing of Gaiety entertainments in general one also writes of "The Circus Girl" in particular, for there is no alteration in the essentials of a Gaiety performance; every ten years

or so a new departure is made, and that lasts out the generation. This is not because the directorate lacks enterprise, but because its patrons would resent in a very practical fashion any violent change. Thus it is that pretty ballad succeeds to pretty ballad; insinuating chanson to another, different, but the same; silly ditty to its like; spirited and graceful dance to another no less attractive. In detail only there is change; the Gaiety sets the fashion, and every other *pot-pourri* of the same class follows suit. The "coon" song has been a speciality here for many years, here and elsewhere the coon song will remain till something else comes along, and that will continue for another decade. The same things, almost the same people—and they the best and beyond all rivalry—that is the managerial *mot d'ordre*, dictated by the managerial necessities. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give" is as true of the Gaiety as of any other playhouse.

Just at present, among all that is bizarre and brilliant, whirling and wild, brisk and Bacchanalian on the stage of the Gaiety, there is a note of pathos and sentiment, a little appealing figure that wanders through the mad merriment and clamour, a thing apart, in it but not of it—Miss Ellaline Terriss, who, unintentionally and unostentatiously, gives one a feeling of aloofness, of difference. She seems out of place among all the insincerity and glitter of the rest, and yet to most of us her personality is so grateful, so restful, so womanly, and, yes, so pathetic, that, though she is out of the picture, we would not gain in symmetry at the expense of Miss Terriss's presence. We have always had, even at the Gaiety, the sentimental heroine as a peg on which to hang the sentimental songs, but the talented ladies who have impersonated them have hardly troubled to disguise the fact that sentiment was to them a cloak assumed for the occasion, that really they were just as much of the Gaiety as the rest. But in Miss Terriss we have an actress who seems absolutely to believe in the love songs she sings, in the love passages she has to express. Not that there is the slightest suspicion of a "superior" air about her, or any absence of fun or high spirits; she enters into the merriment of the thing with the best of them. The difference lies in the fact that there is no *arrière pensée*, no affectation of meaning anything else, in her, funny or serious. She has the gift of putting soul into everything, into laughter, into the semi-sentiment of the coon song, the pathos of the love ballad. It is not necessary to claim for Miss Terriss any startling and extraordinary talent; she has what is really rarer—magnetism, charm, personality.

B. L.

### DRAMATIC NOTES.

MISS CARLOTA NILLSON, who plays the part of the American girl in "The Happy Life," at the Duke of York's Theatre, is herself an American, so it will be necessary to withhold judgment upon her histrionic abilities until we see her in a character in which she has to do something more than be merely herself. Of course, were the part anything more than that of a charming young lady, the fact that the character is an American, and that its exponent is an American, would have nothing to do with it, for the same reason that English actresses impersonate Englishwomen. But as the character has nothing more in it than the ordinary emotions of a "walking lady," as these parts are technically called, we must wait a while ere trying to discover what place Miss Nillson is likely to take upon our stage. But this much may be said already—her *début* in London has been of good augury. She has style, brightness, and that quick intelligence so characteristic of her countrywomen. We shall be glad to see Miss Nillson again.

Sir Henry Irving, having recovered from his indisposition, has returned to the cast of "Peter the Great" at the Lyceum. Mr. Laurence Irving played his part satisfactorily during his father's absence.

The engagement of Mr. Laurence Irving to Miss Ethel Barrymore, the American lady at present appearing as Euphrosine at the Lyceum, is announced.

The week has been a busy one theatrically, with Mr. Pinero's play at the Court, on Thursday, with "Charlotte Corday" at the Adelphi, on Friday, and with "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's, this (Saturday) evening.

The successor to "The Grand Duchess," at the Savoy Theatre, will be, as at present arranged, the long promised comic opera written by Mr. Pinero, with lyrics by Mr. Adrian Ross, and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. This will be one of the great events of the year, and will cause an interest in the *première* greater than has been felt at the Savoy since the last new opera by Sir Arthur and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The new work is expected about Easter.

At Her Majesty's this (Saturday) evening will be seen a very fine spectacle. The stage has been denuded of drapery around the proscenium arch, in order to



Photo. A. Ellis,

MISS NILLSON. Upper Baker Street, W.

give an effect of height and grandeur to the scenic architecture, and in many other ways Mr. Alma Tadema has instituted reforms that will add to the nobility and effect of the pictures of Rome in the time of Caesar. Handicraftsmen have been at work in the theatre for many weeks fashioning the implements of war and peace that will give to the production that touch of reality so grateful and so rare in classic drama.

### BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

WHY the match between I.O.U. and Exning Belle, over two miles on the flat, which was to have been run at the last Lingfield Meeting, should have fallen through, for fear of its being illegal, seems difficult to understand, and certainly does not say much in favour of the regulations under which the sport is conducted. The fact is, as Mr. John Corlett very truly says in the *Sporting Times*, that racing, especially that under the National Hunt Rules, is so overdone with rules and regulations that no one seems to be really able to interpret them with any certainty; and this, as has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns, is undoubtedly one of the principal causes of the deplorable decadence of cross-country sport during the last quarter of a century.

A match is a purely private matter, and the stewards of any meeting have a perfect right to allow it a place in their programme, whatever its conditions may be. I have, as a matter of fact, seen a pony match run at a Sandown Park meeting, and others in which the weights and distances were absolutely at variance with all rules. Matches are usually very genuine and sporting affairs, and the rule of racing which includes them in the definition of a "race" should never have been passed, and ought to be amended forthwith.

There was no racing on Monday and Tuesday last week, but sport was resumed at Windsor on Wednesday, when the weather was fine, the going good, and the attendance a large one. As to the sport, it was quite up to the average of what has done duty as such



Photo. by W. A. Roush.

ZETLAND LODGE: PINFOLD.

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during the present season, and it is needless to say more. Eleven runners turned out for the principal event of the first day, the Eton Handicap Hurdle Race Plate, including Exning Belle, Melton Prior, and Ilmington. Mr. Marshall's very useful hurdler made all the running to the last hurdles, where he fell, and being, unfortunately, jumped on by one of those behind him, he received such severe injuries that he died soon afterwards. Exning Belle, who had just headed him when he fell, went on, and won by half a length from Constantine, with Melton Prior, a length behind, third. The Park Steeplechase was a regular burlesque from start to finish. Two to one was laid on The Tramp, and taken against The Slug, while 20 to 1 was offered against the third runner, Kushan. The last fell at the fence beyond the water, one of the easiest on the course, and at the next, an open ditch, The Tramp came round. He then tried to bolt, and The Slug had established a long lead by the time he was got over. The last named then took to refusing, and The Tramp once more found himself in front, only to refuse again at the last fence but one. However, he was got over, and as The Slug was still at solitary play, Mr. Ward's horse came in alone.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

## JOLLY BOAT.

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## STUD NOTES.

NOTE.—The figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, denote the "running families"; 3, 8, 11, 12, 14, the "sire families"; and (6), (7), (9), (10), and so on, the outside families.

THE Doncaster branch of the great Stockwell family has been a very prolific one, and although I have gone into the pedigrees of a great number of its most distinguished representatives, in previous notes, I find on looking back that I have omitted four who certainly ought not to have been left out. Before going on, therefore, to the Blair Athol branch of the Stockwell line, I will first say a few words about these four descendants of Doncaster, who are all standing in England at the present time, and any one of whom might easily sire something very good indeed.

The first of these is that very handsome young horse Milford, who takes in two other Pocahontas crosses on his dam's side, is only eight years old, and was one of the speediest race-horses of his year. He comes of the No. 3 family, which is both a running and a sire family, and he is by Saraband 14 out of Colleen Bawn II., by Salvator (13), her dam Lassie, by Blair Athol (10) out of Cestus, by Newminster 8. As he is now located at Captain Machell's stud farm at Kennett, near Newmarket, he is pretty sure to get the right sort of mares, and his promise for the stud is excellent.

Hard by, at Cheveley Park, where the mighty Isinglass holds court, is Doncaster's massive grandson Suspender. This good-looking horse belongs to the No. 12 family, and is by Muncaster (16) out of Garterless, by Knight of the Garter 3, her dam Saratoga, by Adventurer 12, and he traces back to American blood on his dam's side, which is no bad thing in these days. He is a very big and powerful horse, with tremendous bone and girth, and was a good race-horse. He won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot as a three year old, in doing which he

was so shaken by the Ascot going—which is always either as hard as a brick, or as deep as a Tipperary bog—that he never started again, or there is no saying what he might not have done.

Another son of Muncaster's (16) is the blood-like St. Symphorien, who is inbred to the No. 16, or Agnes, family, his dam being St. Editha (16), by Kingley Vale 8 out of Lady Alice, by Chanticleer 3. There is a lot to like in this pedigree, and although St. Symphorien has never sired a classic winner yet, he may not be long in doing so, and all his stock are remarkable for their short muscular backs and powerful quarters.

A beautifully-bred sire, a very speedy race-horse when in training, and one of the handsomest young stallions at the stud, is the eight year old Gangway 1, by Saraland 14 out of Gang Warily, by Sefton (25), her dam Sonsie Queen, by Musket 3 out of Highland Lassie, by Stockwell 3. There is a very good combination of running and sire blood in this pedigree.

We now come to the "King of the Stockwells," the mighty Blair Athol, in his day the idol of the British public, and the sire of a tremendous number of winners. He has been very unlucky in one way—that nearly all his best sons have been sent abroad. That grand horse Prince Charlie, Prince of the T.Y.C., is in America; Siliro, a very good horse indeed, is in France; the speedy Tangible has gone to South America; Andred to Italy; The Rover had his throat cut in Ireland, his great son, St. Gatien, sire of Meddler, who was sold for £15,000 to go to America, being subsequently sent to Germany; and the only two horses now left to represent Blair Athol in the Old Country are Balfiol and Breadknife.

The former of these, who is three-parts brother to Doncaster, is now at the Cobham Stud Farm, where he is not at all unlikely to resuscitate the glories of his family by siring a great horse. Unfortunately the earlier days of his stud

career were spent in Ireland, where he nevertheless sired an enormous number of winners from very second-rate mares, and during the last year had no less than twenty-three winners. However, he has got his chance at last, and as he had thirty-nine mares sent to him last season at Cobham, I shall be surprised if we do not see some big winners by him next year. He is by Blair Athol 10 (by Stockwell 3, grandson of Birdcatcher 11, out of Blink Bonny, by Melbourne 7) out of Marigold 5 (Doncaster's dam), by Teddington 2 (grandson of Touchstone 14) and going back on her dam's side to Buzzard 8 and Melbourne 7. He is a powerful, big-boned horse, full of quality, and gets all his stock like himself. He is one of the best sires of steeplechasers in the world, and mares of Hampton, Wisdom, or other Queen Mary blood ought especially to suit him.

The second of Blair Athol's remaining descendants in this country, Breadknife, has also proved himself able to get race-horses of class, and is quite certain to get plenty more. He, too, is a beautifully-bred horse, and his pedigree is a remarkably well-balanced one in respect of his sire and running blood. His sire, Craig Millar 7, was by Blair Athol out of Miss Roland, by Fitz Roland 7 (grandson of Touchstone 14), her dam Miss Bowser, by Hesperus, son of Bay Middleton 7; and his dam Slice 5 was by Brown Bread (16) out of Alice Lee. This is a grand combination of Weatherbit 12, Birdcatcher 11, Touchstone 14, and Bay Middleton 7 blood, and as he has already shown us



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

## ST. VERONICA

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what he can do by siring that good mare Self Sacrifice, and The Baker, one of the best of last season's two year olds, he is quite sure to give us something better still ere long.

There is one other grandson of Blair Athol now standing in this country, at the Cobham Stud Farm. This is Prince Rudolph 12, the biggest-boned and most powerful thorough-bred in England. He is by Prince Charlie 12, the sire of Lochiel, who once beat Carline over two miles in Australia, out of Hester 12, by Thormanby 4, her dam Tomyris, Prince Charlie's granddam. He is a grand horse, with enormous bone, and he gets fine big-boned, racing-like stock, but as a rule they have never been given time to mature. Both from breeding and conformation he would be the best sire in Europe for getting steeplechase horses, or high-class hunters. In my next article I shall pass on to Blair Athol's other sons, Lord Ronald, Lord Lyon, The Duke, St. Albans, and Uncas.

## Training Stables.

### ZETLAND LODGE.

RACING is a very different sport now to what it was some years ago, and the characteristics of the men who play the principal parts in the great game have changed not a little in the course of the last half century. There are not many of the good old-fashioned North Country trainers left now, though, fortunately, the type is not quite extinct, and, at any rate, it is, at the present moment, very worthily represented by Mr. Joseph Enoch, of Zetland Lodge, Newmarket.

Enoch originally came from North Yorkshire, where he trained for Lord Zetland and Mr. James Lowther, hard by the picturesque and interesting old town of Richmond. Of all countries in England, this is the most beautiful and the most famed for good sport and real sportsmen, and it must have required some persuasion before Enoch was induced to leave it and come South to Newmarket. However, he did so, and was eventually installed in those most comfortable and convenient premises known as Zetland Lodge. What Enoch does not know about training is not worth the knowing, and if he has not won more races during the last few years, it has only been because the Aske-bred youngsters may not have been quite up to their old standard.

Lord Zetland has lately severed his connection with the Turf—let us hope only temporarily—and the whole of his bloodstock and horses in training were sold last year, so that I fear we shall not, at any rate for some time to come, see the Aske Spots on a race-course again, and Enoch, consequently, has many empty boxes at Zetland Lodge just now. He still, however, has fifteen horses of Mr. James Lowther's there, also a nicely bred two year old of Lord Downe's, by name Boronia, a bay filly by Prince Hampton out of Barometz, by The Lambkin out of Stone Clink, by Speculum out of Stone Chat,

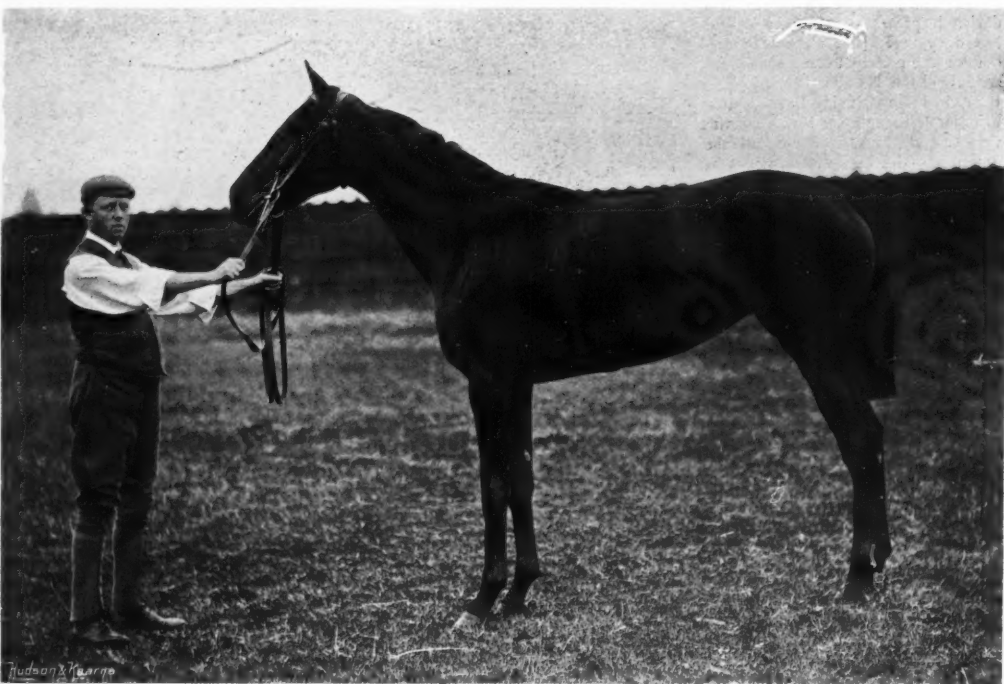


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LA FORTUNE.

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by Adventurer, so that he will, I hope, win plenty more races this year, and his vacant boxes are not likely to remain so long. Among our illustrations is one of the stable-yard, which, in addition to its architectural merits, is most convenient in all its arrangements; and another of that thoroughly comfortable residence known as Zetland Lodge. When our artist went down to Newmarket to take these photographs, Lord Zetland had not yet disposed of his bloodstock, and the horses whose portraits accompany these notes were, therefore, still there, although they have since been sold, and now are trained elsewhere.

The first of these is that charming two year old filly, La Fortune, by Retreat out of Santa Felice, by St. Simon, her dam Happy Hampton, by Hampton out of Cantiniere, by Stockwell. A beautifully bred young lady this, inbred to Touchstone, Birdcatcher, and Blacklock—a combination that never fails to produce great race-horses. At the sale of Lord Zetland's horses in training, in October last, she made 1,250 guineas, and she is worth all the money for a brood mare alone, even if she never won a race. Another two year old is Pinfold, a bay gelding, by Surefoot out of Pinta, by Adventurer, her dam Spiegelschiff, by Speculum. This youngster is bred on the same lines as La Fortune, and was a fairly useful two year old last season, as he won the Criterion Nursery at Newmarket, the Kirkleatham Biennial at Redcar, and the Eglinton Stakes at York. He made 860 guineas at the sale, and was certainly well bought. Very cheap indeed, at the same sale, was the useful four year old filly, Jolly Boat, by Panzerschiff out of Santa Felice, who made 810 guineas only.

She was bought by that good judge Count Lehnendorff, and I venture to prophesy that she will, some day, breed something very good indeed.

St. Veronica is a good-looking brown two year old filly by St. Simon out of Verdigris, by Springfield, her dam that grand old grey mare Griselda, by Sirathconan. This filly only ran once last year, but she must have been able to gallop that day, seeing that she ran second to Rhoda B for the Exning Plate at Newmarket, giving the winner 3lb., whilst Galinthia was one of the seven who finished behind her.

It is not to be wondered at that Lord Zetland sticks to the Blacklock blood, which, in the mighty Voltigeur, first made the Aske Spots famous, and it will be seen that in all these horses it is combined with that of Birdcatcher and Touchstone.

Joseph Enoch is an exceptionally able trainer, who always turns his horses out at their very best, and who can be thoroughly relied on to do the fullest justice to everything in his stable, not only to the best, as is so often the case, but to everything he sends to the post, whether it be for the Derby or a five-furlong selling race. His son, Harry Enoch, trains for Mr. Douglas Baird, also at Newmarket, and he must have had a good season last year with Cap Martin and Champ de Mars, with whom he is very likely to take one or more of the classic events of 1898. I wish him every luck for the New Year, as also to his father, whose vacant boxes will, I hope, be soon filled; whilst I sincerely trust that it may not be long before



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BOB ENOCH ON HIS COB, BILLY.

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Lord Zetland returns to the Turf to show us once more what can be done by the House of Dundas and the Blacklock blood. OUTPOST.

## Odds and Events.

IT has now been shown that the first race of the day, on account of certain peculiarities, not only possesses the greatest invariability, but is the most payable race of any. Finally, it will now be seen whether, by looking a little closer into the question of odds, anything can be done to render the remaining races payable. In playing roulette or trente et quarante, odds are laid according to the correct mathematical chances of the event happening, but in racing this may or may not be the case. Taking, for an example, three horses, the odds are mathematically 2 to 1 against any one of them winning; but, in making up his book, a fielder may offer the following odds:—

- A. 4 to 6
- B. 2 to 1
- C. 10 to 1

16 to 8, or 2 to 1. So that true odds are, in reality, not obtained about A, they exactly coincide in the case of B, while eight points in favour of C are offered. The average odds, however, are 2 to 1, which is correct. On the basis of this fluctuation alone a problem of some difficulty is introduced; but it is still further complicated by the fact that sometimes, or rather generally, the average odds do not work out to the required point, and that a bookmaker, to make a profit, will often cut down the price of an outsider from, say, 10 to 1 to 6 to 1, or, reverting to the example cited above, the book would stand thus:—

- A. 4 to 6
- B. 2 to 1
- C. 6 to 1

12 to 8, or 6 to 4

It is obvious that little or no profit can be realised by the bookmaker on the favourite, or on the one or two other strictly marketable horses. Hence, it has been found that it is unprofitable to support horses starting at a price beyond a given limit. A generalisation based on investigations extended over a considerable period shows that the winning average of favourites between the limits 1 to 1 and 7 to 2 is in accordance with the odds, or very nearly so, while every point beyond the latter limit shows a corresponding increase in the bookmaker's favour, which is accounted for by the cutting down of the price of the outsiders. For



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THE STABLE-YARD.

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ZETLAND LODGE

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instance, taking the series of odds in their natural progression, commencing from 1 to 1 up to 2 to 1, it will be found that out of favourites starting within and including these limits, 45 per cent. win, which is extremely fair.

From 2 to 1 to 7 to 2 a slight difference occurs, which is not sufficiently great, however, to warrant their rejection. Beyond 7 to 2 the figures work out to an over-increasing advantage to the bookmaker, to an extent of three points within the 10 to 1 division. Hence it follows that nothing starting at a price beyond 7 to 2 should be supported.

Looking for a moment at the question of odds on, the very same thing is found to occur. I have not found up to what limit odds on chances are payable, because the introduction of odds on bets brings with it an element of weakness and danger in the strain thereby placed on capital, and such speculations are, at the best, dangerous. To illustrate my meaning more clearly, take as an example the 2 to 1 chances at roulette. Anyone with a most elementary knowledge of mathematics can see how these are payable, and how a simple increasing system works well (4, 5, 6). Now a sequence of first favourites averaging 2 to 1 at starting will be found to break down when the same system is applied, in spite of the average pointing to a profit, because of the odds on chances. And apart from the 4, 5, 6 system, supposing the favourites of the same sequence were being supported to win a fixed amount, such an inordinate capital would be required as to render the business very risky, and even very unprofitable.

For a final elimination, then, the indications of the above conclusions will be followed, whereby the unprofitable races above mentioned will be converted into payable ones. These conclusions form a set of choices, any of which may be followed:—

1. Support only favourites.



Photo. by T. Fall,

CLUMBER SPANIELS; TARQUIN.

Baker Street.

2. In the first race horses may be supported starting at odds on, or at any figure over 7 to 2, and still show a profit.

3. In the remaining races nothing should be supported—(a) where the starting price exceeds 7 to 2; (b) or, if the condition *a* is ignored, where the race is not a minor handicap, a plate, produce race, or nursery plate or handicap.

4. Ignore odds on chances except in the first race.

The method of operation suggested, by which a minimum stake is secured on a relatively small chance, and a maximum on a relatively large chance—that is to say, a method by which the stake is varied according to the odds obtained—is to support first favourites to win a fixed amount, applying the above limitations. As the odds obtained are usually in favour of the backer, the above method will generally secure a fair profit on capital employed. Of course, an even stake can only produce a profit under such conditions, and where a minimum risk is a desideratum that method is recommended.

To the experienced turfite the foregoing exposition will admit of that amplification and alteration in points of detail which habitual observation and inference suggests. A system definitely formulated, no matter how perfect or to what applied, is capable of being rendered more perfect and workable as the results of an intelligent practical experience are brought into co-operation with it. However, the foregoing figures will, even if they are not adopted for any more useful purpose, conclusively prove the falsity of many half ideas and speculations that are current in the racing world, besides indicating a few blind alleys that are liable to be met with.

C. E. ALLEN.

## Clumber Spaniels

IN COUNTRY LIFE of December 11th, 1897, there was a pleasant account of the Duchess of Bedford's kennels at Woburn. In discoursing upon the three capital portraits of her dogs—TARQUIN, MANAGER, and YOUNG FAN—it is not, therefore, necessary to make any further reference to Her Grace than to say that the breed which she has chosen for special attention is, in my judgment, one of the most valuable for practical purposes that sportsmen or sportswomen can possess. The fact that the Duchess has allowed her affections to fix themselves on this particular class of dog is in itself strong evidence that she possesses in reality that intimate knowledge of the characters of dogs with which she has been justly credited. I frankly confess that when I remember many and many a day of mixed shooting with trusty Clumbers in my service, these ponderous and sagacious spaniels have for me a quite extraordinary fascination. That is due not merely to respect for their aristocratic breeding, though there is no doubt in the world that in dogs, as well as in men and in horses, blood will always tell. My love is due to the fact that they possess, in greater perfection, perhaps, than any other breed, that combination of qualities which goes to the making of the solitary sportsman's companion. Firstly, if they have received ever so little training, they are easily kept under control and restrained from going too far in front of the gun. Working patiently and with minute care in the immediate vicinity of their master, they investigate every square foot of the ground and leave no possible lurking place in ditch or hedgerow unexplored. All the Clumbers that have been in my possession at various times have been the happy owners of excellent noses, and the amount of game they have found for me in unexpected places has been quite wonderful. Particularly did they excel in seeking and finding wounded birds. This is a virtue which all true and humane sportsmen must value above all others, for even in the best-regulated shoots an occasional "runner" must occur, and nothing leaves a more uncomfortable feeling on the mind than the memory of, let us say, a wily old cock pheasant winged, who has escaped into the inner labyrinths of the covert to linger in agony for hours, and, perhaps, to survive as a cripple. By the way, it may not be amiss to give a hint as to "runners." That they ought always to be shot when opportunity offers is, of course, manifest. But, curiously enough, they

are by no means easy to hit as they run. The rule to ensure hitting them is the same as the military injunction, "Fire low"; or, as my friend put it to me in giving the advice, "Think of their feet." But, with warrantable Clumbers at your service, you will seldom fail to bring the winged pheasant to bag in the end; for the patience and skill with which they will follow the scent are as wonderful as the distances which the wounded bird will travel. Many Clumbers will retrieve uncommonly well, and almost any Clumber may be taught to retrieve without much trouble. Then sagacity counts for much in a sporting dog, and the Clumber is one of the cleverest dogs that lives. If accustomed to go out with one master, the dog soon begins to understand the man's ways, and to work in intelligent partnership with him. Particularly apt is he to pick up, or invent for himself, the useful trick of going to the far side of a hedge before flushing his bird, thus



Photo. by T. Fall,

MANAGER.

Baker Street.



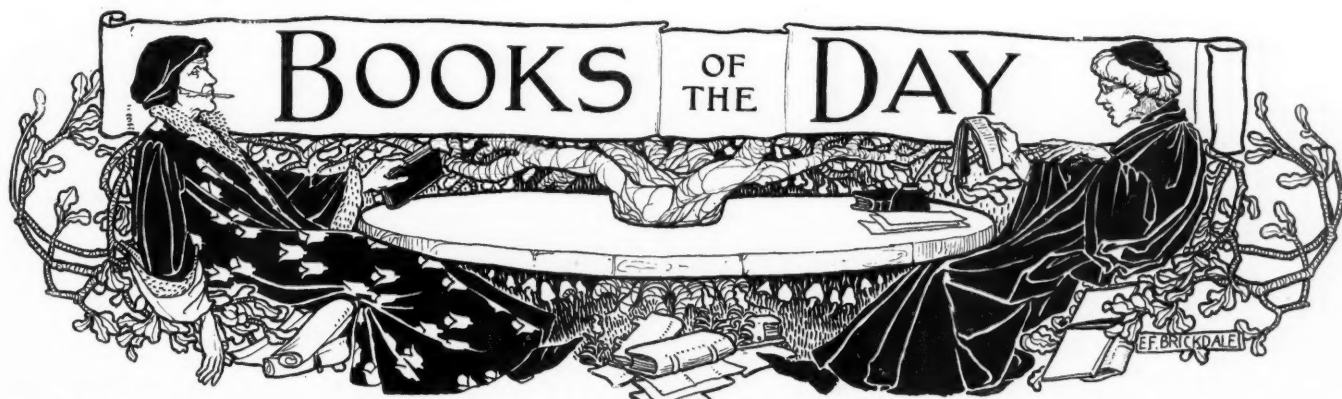
Photo. by T. Fall,

YOUNG FAN.

Baker Street.

sending the bird in the direction which best suits the gun. But, remembering the "days of fresh air in the rain and the sun," one might rhapsodise for ever over the achievements and the capacities of these noble dogs. Of their appearance, the portraits render it unnecessary to write more than that Clumbers, if they have something of the massiveness of the elephant, have also much of his brain power, and show it in their broad foreheads.

CANICULUS.



THE British people is never slow to sympathise with the griefs of Royalty, and when Prince Henry of Battenberg died there was no lack, to say the least of it, of evidence of public condolence with Princess Beatrice. None the less we have no right to regret that the literary tribute of the widowed Princess to her dead husband is paid in German. It is rightly called a prose "In Memoriam," and entitled, "Trost im Leide: Lese Früchte einer Trauernden" (Comfort in sorrow: fruits of a mourner's reading). Let your "Looker-on" be candid. He is no German scholar, and the reading of German is to him but labour and sorrow. But he ventures none the less to place in evidence two extracts from the numerous translations which have appeared; to say of them that by virtue of their absolute trust and resignation they appeal to every heart; and to hope in the interest of warm British hearts that, as soon as may be, the whole book may be produced in the tongue which is native to their author, though not to the Prince whose premature death caused the book to be written. The extracts speak for themselves.

"Whenever we stand helpless before inscrutable death, before a death which has taken a life that to us seemed indispensable, we do not enough remember that our only duties are not of this world. The Lord needs us in other spheres.

"When a beloved being, whether father, husband, brother, mother, sister, wife, or only friend, steps, as we are wont to say, nearer to God, and disappears from our gaze, it is wonderful how death gradually takes a more beautiful form, how the unknown world appears ever more familiar to us, and the goodness of God greater than ever before. The departed one it is who effects this change within us. To noble souls—and to such alone—is it granted to bequeath this legacy, the power to comprehend fully the love of God, and to attain a clearer consciousness of immortality.

"The blessing which a beloved being is to us cannot be quite felt until after his death. We say that death rends asunder the family or the friendly circle, but this is not so. The circle is not complete until some of its members are missed. 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it'—that is what the 39th Psalm says, and we will say the same. I will be silent, not from anger, nor from despair, but because Thou didst it, O God, and it must therefore be well done. He had an end in view, a meaning, a reason, and that reason is good. To try to find out that reason would be to try at things which are too high for us. Let us be dumb, not from despair, but from faith, like the child who sits at the feet of the mother, not understanding her actions, and confident that all is done in love."

And here is another passage, in which the phrase, "Our grown-up brothers and sisters in Paradise" strikes me as being of peculiar pathos and truth.

"When the grown-up children of a family come to their little brothers and sisters in the nursery, they are full of compassion for the little ones' sorrows, for a broken doll, a difficult sum, or a slight punishment for naughtiness. But though they would wish to comfort the children, yet their sympathy is not so great as to detract from their own happiness. They know the punishment and the hard sums are necessary, and would not change them if they could.

"Is it not perhaps the same with our grown-up brothers and sisters in Paradise? They are in the big people's rooms, and we are only in the nursery and schoolroom. They do not understand all, perhaps, but we may believe that they delight in watching every step we make forward towards the last great triumph. How they must smile sometimes over our blindness."

"Thormanby" is distinctly not a man of letters. In his "Kings of the Turf" (Hutchinson) he tells some of the very oldest stories. He repeats his expressions time after time, and he uses the phrase "the sport of kings" ever so often. Yet the book is one of the most delightful that I have had in hand for many a long day, and its charms are of varied character. "Thormanby," whom many men know in person, is intimately familiar with his subject. His pen portraits are, to my mind, at least as convincing as the fine steel engravings of famous sportsmen which embellish the volume. He writes like a gentleman and in charitable fashion, but he has too much sense to insult the memory of those with whom he deals by exuberance of flattery or by ignoring their faults and their weaknesses. The result of this knowledge, this skill in verbal portraiture, and this candour, is a book of which every word is readable. But it is something more. It is valuable from the historical point of view. It gives us a faithful picture of a stratum of British Society during the first half of the century, and rather more, which was intensely interesting and characteristic, and ought not to be forgotten. "Thormanby's" hero was Lord George Bentinck, "chivalrous hater of all that was cruel and unjust"; but he is most cordial and sympathetic when he relates the exploits of some great patrons of the Turf who loved racing for its own sake, and "never betted a shilling on a race." Theirs was the noble ambition to breed a horse, not to buy him, and win classic races. Of such was Lord Falmouth, who "never troubled his head about the state of the odds, but ran his horses on their merits, and let the public know as much about them as himself. . . . He has left a fragrant and healthy memory behind him."

But "Thormanby" has an eye for all, for shrewd old John Scott, the Wizard of the North (hitherto I have always applied the name to quite another hero); to John Gully, prize-fighter, bookmaker, race-horse owner, and member of Parliament, who once rescued John Scott from an infuriated mob; to those wonderful men the Chifneys. For the wild career of the plunging Marquis of Hastings "Thormanby" has a word of sympathetic appreciation, and also for Lord Rosebery, "gallant gentleman and sportsman." In fact, the Turf gossip that

"Thormanby" knows not is not worth the knowing, and he tells what he knows in a passing pleasant tone.

Once upon a time—that is to say, in January, 1895—it entered into the head of Prince Henri d'Orleans to make some travels in the Far East. When he had finished he wrote a book; and that book has been done into English by Mr. Hamley Bent, who manifestly knows his business. The translated book, published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is called "Tonkin to India," and I took it in hand with eager anticipation. "Here," said I to myself gleefully in advance, "is a traveller of royal blood, who has travelled in a part of the mysterious East little known to Europeans. He will surely have much to tell of the strange people on the banks of the Mekong river, and of countries which so far have almost escaped exploration." But a confession of bitter disappointment. For baldness of narrative this book, pretty as it looks, has few equals; and, in the absence of a map, it is almost impossible for the reader to trace the pilgrimage of the Prince and his trusty companion, Lieutenant Leroux, of the French Navy. The book, moreover, is disfigured by venomous Anglophobia. The Chief of Khamti had, to all appearance spontaneously, made his submission to England. "Here," writes the Prince, "we have the inveterate method pursued by England; an advance as sure as it is deliberate, and with no retrograde. The rule of England spreads like a drop of oil by a sort of inexorable rule of Nature and decree of destiny. . . . They will not go further to the North-East, for two reasons—the precipitous height of the mountains and the nakedness of the land. Where no profits are, there is no English Flag." After all, this rule of policy seems reasonably sensible; but it must be remembered that England can make a colony prosperous, and indirectly profitable, where France, over-ridden by officialdom, can do nothing of the kind. To be plain, the value of the book consists almost entirely in the illustrations by M. G. Vuillier, and the pleasure of it is to be found in them alone. They are as good as can be.

In "A Fair Impostor" (F. V. White) Mr. Alan St. Aubyn has produced a novel which will raise his reputation high if it receives the appreciation which it merits. The fair impostor is a beautiful woman and a beautiful rider from a circus in Paris, who hires Gallantry Bower, the house of a Cornish or Devon squire, in the disguise of an Austrian Princess. Hard-riding Princesses in fiction always are Austrian. She had a purpose in coming, of course, and that purpose was not simply to hunt with the Devon and Somerset; and it is in the working out of the involved but accurately calculated plot that the author shows consummate and pleasing art. Near Gallantry Bower, of course, there was a village. The village had a rector, some time scholar of his college and almost a Fellow, whom exile in the Exmoor wilderness, and much dulness and much hunting, had driven into common debauchery. The rector had a beautiful daughter, Celia, of whom the churchwarden, a yeoman who had the rector in his hands, was enamoured. Celia is forced to engage herself to the churchwarden; but Geoffrey Bluett, the true owner of Gallantry Bower, makes his appearance, and an irresistible attachment springs up between Geoffrey and Celia. How this is to end happily, or at all, is, at it ought always to be, a puzzle to the reader; but Mr. St. Aubyn brings things to pass very skillfully. At a time when the rector is sick unto death it is discovered that the occupants of Gallantry Bower are really a smuggling gang under the guidance of the rector's outcast son, Frank, a fair man disguised as a swarthy foreigner. He it was who, knowing the facilities for smuggling offered by Gallantry Bower, originated that scheme. The gang broken up, he seeks refuge at home, and, on the rector's death, confounds the grasping churchwarden and convicts him of fraud. This, it may be said, is a sufficient gallery of portraits for a modern novel; but this book contains many more, and they all live. Moreover, the air of the moorland breathes from every page. In a word, it is a remarkably clever and pleasant novel.

"Tasma" will write no more; it is useless to criticise her somewhat slipshod style. Rather is it pleasant to recognise in her last book, "A Fiery Ordeal" (Bentley), the merits which gave to her reputation and popularity. The scene is Australia. At Tarooma, originally intended for a big dairy, we find Ruth, the strikingly beautiful wife of a debauchee and gambler named Jim. Jim is indebted to the rich Scotchman, Brewer, and sends Ruth to beg for time. Ruth most fortunately meets Brewer *filis* instead of Brewer *pere*, and makes a deep impression on him. Brewer *filis* then makes things easy for Ruth and Jim, but a cheque for £500 which he rashly sends tempts Jim to gamble again, and Jim, having gambled, disappears. Ruth then goes to stay with the Brewers, and falls not less violently in love with the son than he does with her. The end might have been hard to reach but for a happy accident. The Brewer household, including Ruth, were picnicking at an outlying station. Jim, by this time a wandering and half-witted sundowner, fired the bush, and was the only man killed; result, general happiness. Of a truth, to the Australian novelist there is no such boon as the bush fire. At the discretion of the creator of the story it will solve every difficulty. It is the most natural thing in the world; and it will destroy all villains and spare all heroes and heroines with mechanical precision. Above all it gives a splendid opportunity for vivid and flamboyant description; and in this the justly lamented "Tasma" had few equals.

"David Lyall's Love Story" (Hodder and Stoughton) is described on the title-page as written by the author of "The Land o' the Leal," and, in one of those innocent little advertisement pages which the publishers have added to the volume, "The Land o' the Leal" is said to be "By David Lyall." The mystery, therefore, of the authorship of "David Lyall's Love Story" is apparently thin to the verge of transparency. Most of us remember "The Land o' the Leal"

very well. It was a book which succeeded in attaining great popularity, because it was instinct with the true feeling which stirs the emotions; and a kindly Scotch critic wrote of the author, "he fingers chords too tender for the merely technical critic," which means, I suppose, that somebody had been so unkind to the book as to exasperate a tender-hearted admirer. In "David Lyall's Love Story" we have quite a new form of tale which is really full of charm, although the love story itself has got next to nothing to do with the main body of it. David is just a Scotch lad, full of the love of letters, who goes to seek his fortune in London, against the will of his family. Before leaving Scotland he is pledged to Euphan Wingate, daughter of a great physician, and she to him. On page 17 he is expelled with contumely from her father's house, and, save that she appears once at a party in London, Euphan is barely mentioned until five-sixths of the book is over. The true hero is Wardrop, editor of the *St. George's Gazette*, who gives the young Scot a place on the staff of the journal and takes him to live with him. The real interest attaches to the pitiful story of Wardrop's unhappy married life, and in the account of Wardrop's untiring energy in doing good. This is told in a series of entirely disjointed chapters, which are not so

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## Partridge Driving at Holkham.—II.

BY the plan of working with a double set of beaters no time is lost or tedious waits incurred before the guns are once more busy. TO THE NEXT DRIVE is the order of the day as soon as the dead and wounded birds are picked up. Our illustration shows Lord Leicester, preceded by the guns and loaders, with the head keeper and retrievers, crossing a dyke on the low reclaimed land up which arms of the sea once ran, between the old mainland. It is a fact that in the days of Edward II. a warship was built at Holkham, which is now a mile or more from the sea, and in quite recent days fishermen used to catch mullet where there are now rich pastures, fringed with woods on what were heaps of drifting sand. When shooting on some parts of the estate, and crossing these flats, there is the chance of killing anything, from a snipe to a wild goose. A SHOT ON THE MARSHES shows Mr. Lombe killing a bird which seems bent on flying across the flats straight out to sea. It might just as well have been a wild duck, or even a wild goose, for, in snowy weather, and sometimes with no such obvious reason for tameness, the pink-footed geese, which always haunt these marshes, and are in a measure protected during the



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A SHOT ON THE MARSHES.

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In the drive shown in our illustration, the ground drops just at the fence behind which the guns stand, and the vertical distance at which many of the coveys pass over may be judged from the fact that those at which the gun to the right is aiming are out of the picture, while only one bird to the right of the left-hand gun is visible, at a height of at least 70ft.

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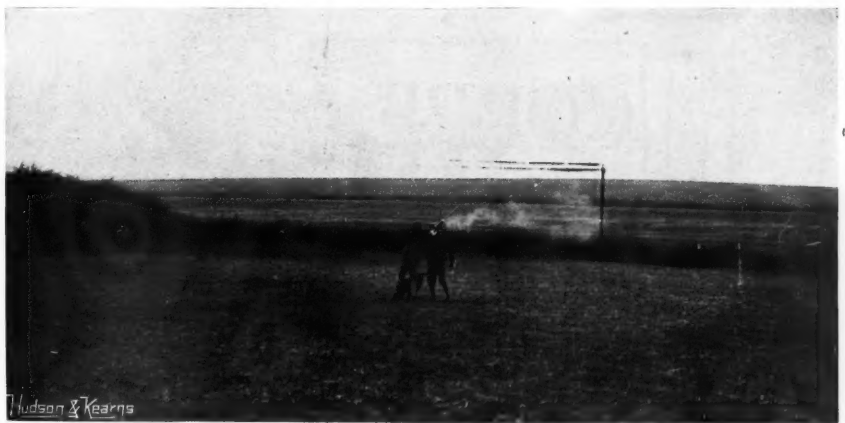


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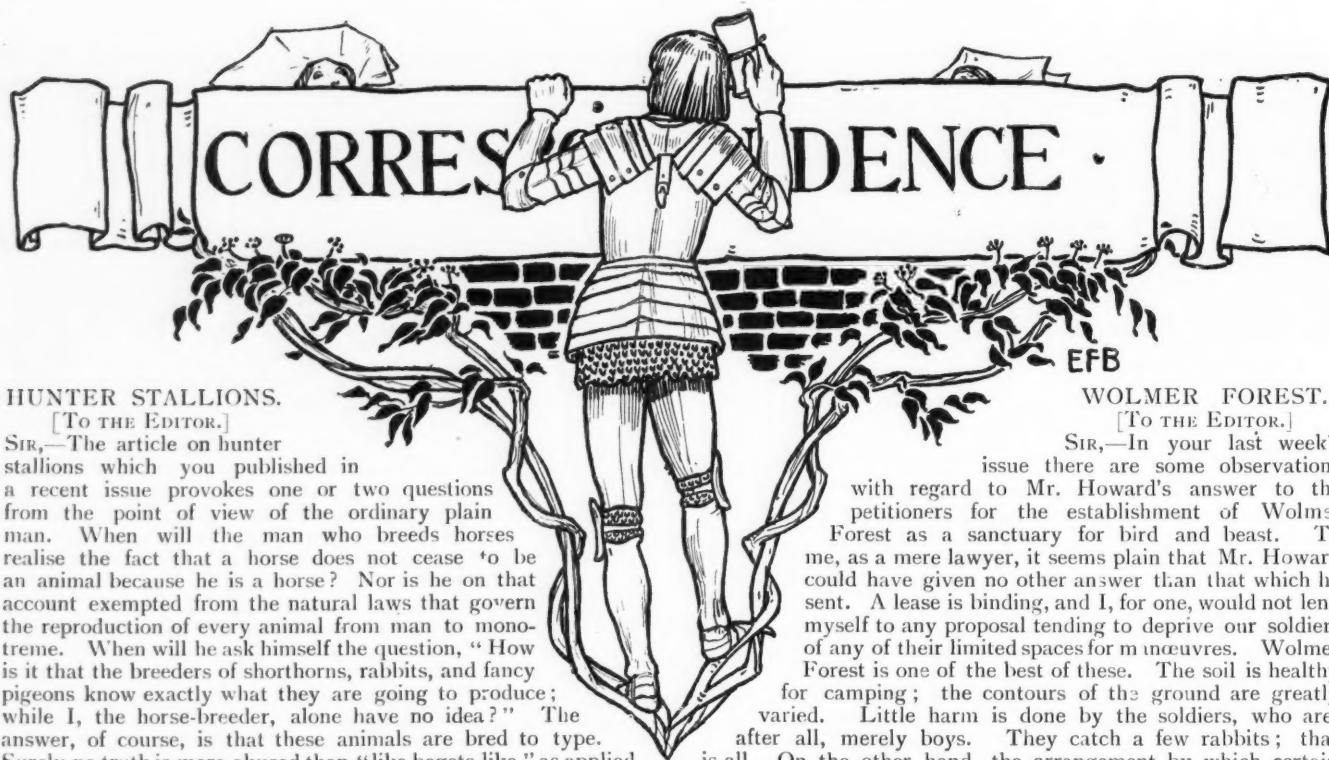
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## THE THIRD BARREL.

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### HUNTER STALLIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The article on hunter stallions which you published in a recent issue provokes one or two questions from the point of view of the ordinary plain man. When will the man who breeds horses realise the fact that a horse does not cease to be an animal because he is a horse? Nor is he on that account exempted from the natural laws that govern the reproduction of every animal from man to monotreme. When will he ask himself the question, "How is it that the breeders of shorthorns, rabbits, and fancy pigeons know exactly what they are going to produce; while I, the horse-breeder, alone have no idea?" The answer, of course, is that these animals are bred to type. Surely no truth is more abused than "like begets like," as applied to hunter breeding. The man with this sentence on his lips will proceed to mate two perfectly different types, in the hope of producing a third type different from either. He might as well cross a pointer and a setter, and fold his hands in the pious hope that Providence will send him a retriever as the result. It is possible that he may get it, but not probable. To those who say, "Oh, but horses cannot be bred to type," one may reply that it has been and is done. The men who bred hackneys set up for themselves what most of us consider a most undesirable type, but they got it, and it breeds with a truth previously unknown in horse breeding. The same system applied to the 15th. galloping hunter would with certainty produce a like result. It would cost money, and take probably forty generations, that is longer than the life of any one man; but to say that it can't be done is nonsense. The first essential is to fix on the exact type you want to produce, the next to get a stallion of that precise type. This is hinted at near the end of your article, and appears to the ordinary man to be the only rational line of procedure, though I have never before seen it in print.—J. M. R.

### DOG LICENCES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you or one of your correspondents kindly tell me the exact sense of the phrase "not transferable" used in connection with licences for dogs? Does it mean that the licence is not transferable from one dog to another or from one owner to another? What I want to know is this—to explain my meaning more fully: If I buy a dog from a man who has paid a licence for the animal, is it lawful for me to declare that the licence in respect of that dog is paid for, and to produce the licence in proof which has been transferred to me when I bought the dog? Or is this transfer illegal? If, on the other hand, this transfer is illegal, what is the position of the owner of a dog who parts with it in the middle of the year and buys another? Can he transfer the licence from one dog to the other dog, and declare himself at liberty to keep the second by virtue of having paid licence on the first? Does the phrase "not transferable," in short, apply to the dog or to the owner—or does it apply to both? So that, if I buy six dogs, one after the other, in the course of the year, I shall have to pay licence for each, though I may keep no more than one at any one time; and will the people I sell or give these dogs to again have to pay for the licence of each? Of course, this would not be equity, but it does not seem to follow that it might not be law; and what I want someone to tell me is how the law runs with regard to this point. It seems absurd not to know, but I have asked a good many dog-owners who are unable to tell me, from which I judge there are a good many no less absurdly ignorant than myself.—CANIS.

["Canis" asks a timely question, and ignorance as to the law on this point has often caused confusion. The licence authorises the holder by name to keep one or more dogs. It remains with the holder, and does not pass with the dog. He may keep a series of dogs by virtue of the licence. The purchaser must take out a new licence. The law on the subject is not, perhaps, quite as unreasonable as it looks. The authorities regard a dog as a luxury. They exempt sheepdogs which are used for business purposes. The same principle is followed with regard to male servants, also in reference to armorial bearings.—ED.]

### WOLMER FOREST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your last week's issue there are some observations with regard to Mr. Howard's answer to the petitioners for the establishment of Wolmer Forest as a sanctuary for bird and beast. To me, as a mere lawyer, it seems plain that Mr. Howard could have given no other answer than that which he sent. A lease is binding, and I, for one, would not lend myself to any proposal tending to deprive our soldiers of any of their limited spaces for manoeuvres. Wolmer Forest is one of the best of these. The soil is healthy for camping; the contours of the ground are greatly varied. Little harm is done by the soldiers, who are, after all, merely boys. They catch a few rabbits; that is all. On the other hand, the arrangement by which certain officers of the Army possess the shooting rights is hardly likely to be of the same permanently binding character as the lease from the Woods and Forests to the War Department, and it may still be possible to preserve the forest as a sanctuary for bird and beast. The sanctuary would be subject to occasional invasions of Mr. Atkins the soldier, but, after all, he is, like the bird's-nesting boy, a part of the scheme of Nature. A large and isolated sanctuary of this kind would be, to my mind, a very interesting experiment. My own impression is that the result would be an Alsatia, not a Paradise. I think that the birds and beasts of the forest would make a solitude and call it peace, and that they would sally out from their fortress and ravage the surrounding country at their pleasure.—LAWYER AND NATURALIST.

### A BIG JUMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If you could find room for the following account of a jump taken in the Cambridge University Draghounds last term, I think it would interest some of your readers. It was in the Downing Arms drag, which is one of the stiffest, being about six miles in length, and having two ploughed fields in it. The jump was in the last fence but one, and the horse cleared a bar 4ft. 3in. in height, and covered, from take-off to landing, 21ft. 6in. This, at the end of a stiff and fast run drag is, I think, quite phenomenal, and the horse in clearing it, I think, fully maintains the honour of its name, which is Jumping Moses. Could you also tell me what the biggest jump taken by a horse in recent years is, both as regards height and breadth?—DRAG.

### LAYING OUT A GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have taken a small Georgian house near Epsom, and the only fault is that the garden is ugly. There are five acres, all flat, with tall trees round, and mostly paddock; in fact, none of it is much laid out, and the part near the house wants brightening up and altering. Can you tell me of any books on the subject and the best man to go to? I shall esteem your advice; and perhaps you will kindly reply through your columns to—GEORGIAN.

[Your question is rather vague, and before giving you the detailed advice necessary in such a case as this, we must have plans. Our Garden Editor will be pleased to help you, if you will give fuller information—the kind of flowers you desire, size of the flower garden to be laid out, and other matters, not forgetting the expense you are willing to incur in the laying-out. To brighten five acres, or even half that amount, will be an expensive affair. But we will assist you in every way we can. A book of considerable value to you would be Robinson's "English Flower Garden" (Murray).—ED.]

### PHEASANT REARING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you or any of your readers could give me any information as to the internal arrangements of a pheasantry—as to what accommodation should be given the birds for nesting, if any, and what size a pheasantry should be in proportion to the number of hens using it; in fact, any information in connection with pheasant rearing would be useful. Is there a book on this subject?—F. R. FOX.

# Notes from my Diary

by *maile. Sans-Gêne*

**M**ONDAY: I have taken a desperate dislike to Nellie and Tom. I am wildly jealous of them. They are to join the minority and go off to the Riviera, while still the London skies are grey, and I am bored to death by partaking of festivities which do not entertain me, and interviewing bargains which are to be secured by other women. Nellie, whose trousseau ought well to have carried her over to early spring, is clamouring for new clothes, and Tom looks at her affectionately and thinks she has been very economical, which also annoys me; while, to add to my general uncharitableness, she persists in taking me on her shopping expeditions and demanding my counsel at every turn. There is not a really new fashion in the whole of London, and if I were Nellie—alas! that I am not—I would wait till I got to the South and buy my clothes there, where the stamp of the latest style is ever imprinted on the local efforts, which are not so very local, most of them coming straight from Paris, I fancy. However, the policy of patience is not one beloved of women, and

Nellie is no exception to the rule. She wants a dress about nine o'clock in the morning, and she sees that she gets it by two in the afternoon. I advised her to copy a most excellent gown worn by Miss Thornhill in the revival of "Sweet Nancy" at the Avenue Theatre. This is a pale yellow cloth dress traced from neck to hem with a wonderful white silk embroidery, half appliqué and half transparent trellis-work. It has glistening white gauze sleeves and a vest of the same, and is altogether a model costume, crowned by a model hat draped with Tuscan tinted gauze with white feathers slanting from back to front. Miss Thornhill's other gown is not quite such a success, although anyone with half an eye can recognise that it is of superior quality and cut. It is of dark green velvet with panels of ermine, and it is crowned with an ermine toque trimmed with rosettes of velvet and bunches of violets.

I wept bitterly over "Sweet Nancy" the other night, much to the consternation of my companion. It is a charming play, and always moves me to tears, which were, however, soon converted into smiles, not to say grins, at the excellent supper we subsequently enjoyed at Prince's Restaurant, where my appreciation of the viands ran parallel with my appreciation of an evening cloak, whose wearer, no doubt out of consideration for my best feelings, had omitted to leave it in the dressing-room. It was made of cream-coloured lace set over white lisse lined with ermine, with an ermine edge on the gracefully draped hood, and a huge ruffle and scarf of chiffon and lace decorated the neck. A wonderfully brocaded gown was worn beneath this with a lace berthe, pearl shoulder-straps and embroidery down the front of the skirt, which was bordered with fox.

But I sat down this morning at this desk with the intention of chronicling the various dresses which Nellie is persuading me to persuade her to buy for the South, and now the dearest friend of my girlhood has just announced herself as a day boarder, so I must set aside the task as one of the joys of to-morrow, and suffer the slings and arrows of an outrageous friendship which votes a visit of twelve hours an unmitigated pleasure.

**WEDNESDAY:** Compared with Nellie in her determination to make me choose the clothes to deck her for her Roman holiday—is Monte Carlo in Rome, by the way? at any rate it is near it—Peter the Great was the humanest man on record. I am really suffering tortures whilst designing for her evening dresses of chiffon and lace, evening wraps with jet embroidery and white fox, and small flat hats trimmed with a single ostrich feather and a rosette. Such a pretty hat she has bought of this kind to-day, made of pale blue felt in a flat shape with a blue feather covering the brim over, while at one side the stem is concealed beneath a black velvet rosette.

Two of her new gowns are made with the new skirt setting closely below the hips and falling in loose folds, suggestive of the old-fashioned riding habit, to the hem. One of these skirts is trimmed with lines of galon, and the other with strappings of cloth. A faint shade of lavender-grey I envy her, specially with the cloth strappings extending from the waist to the hem in two rows and at the back, with rounded corners at the knees, the bodice having a small collar of velvet, trimmings of grey braids across the bust, and a vest of miroir grey velvet with a ruffle of grey chiffon down the front. The sleeves are tucked in groups of three from below the short puff at the top, the entire costume making for the dainty. Of course, the skirt reaches to the ground, indeed, sweeps it, such being the ambition of all fashionable skirts—one making for elegance in a room or a picture gallery and legitimately to be devoted to the service of the wealthy, but one which should not be contemplated by a woman whom Fate has forced to walk in the streets. But, alas! the luckless ones will have no such regard for the appropriate and will follow the fashion at any risks, and we shall meet draggle-tailed draperies at every street corner in a very few months. It is a great pity that certain fashions cannot be labelled "for the wealthy" and "for the wise"—I am tempted to think that the best principles of life teach that it is wise to be wealthy; but I mean when I use the word "wise" to devote it to those who have to exercise wisdom in the selection of their clothes rather



BROCADE GOWN WITH SILK FRONT EMBROIDERED WITH PEARLS.



NEAPOLITAN VIOLET BRIM AND VIOLET VELVET.

than follow mere inclination. There is no doubt the short tailor-made cloth dress is the most advisable for the ordinary English-woman whom Providence has designated "for walking wear." Those clinging draperies which come to us from the most luxurious of Parisians should only be adopted by those who may follow the pleasing paths of perpetual prodigality.

But I must not moralise. I must think about Nellie's other dress, which is of a mushroom tone of cloth trimmed with bands of fur of the same colour round the pouched bodice and down the panelled skirt, which is further decorated with an embroidery of gold and jet and fine cord. Antique satin of a light shade of mushroom forms the tucked vest to this, which Nellie insists upon having crowned with a hat exactly like her blue, made to match her dress, with natural tinted ostrich feathers curling round the brim, fastened at one side with a rosette of bright red velvet. An evening bodice of hers which I envy specially is of pale blue crêpe de chine, with a broad plastron of lace back and front pouching into the waist, confined by a belt of cream-coloured leather embroidered in turquoise. This plastron of lace is cut in one with epaulettes on the shoulders and outlined with a narrow band of sable, and the neck is just a little low in a round shape, to admit of those two rows of pearls which Tom chose with such discretion for a wedding present.

Still I cannot help thinking she is a very selfish young woman not to suggest that she would like a companion on her travels. Surely she contemplates the possibility of the moment, not to say the hour or the hours, when the tables will claim Tom for their own, and she will be left yawning at home.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### A TERRACE GARDEN.

WE can write little of the terrace garden shown in our illustration of this week. It speaks for itself, and those who care for severe pattern and formal gardening will appreciate the style here depicted. We enjoy the taller Box edgings, which are a feature of this terrace garden, but they must be carefully attended to, otherwise they are not pleasing. An unkempt edging is an eyesore.

### TUBEROUS BEGONIAS.

The tuberous Begonia belongs to a large and important family of tropical plants, found for the most part in South America and the East and West Indies. Of recent years the flowers of the tuberous varieties, raised by cross-fertilisation, have become as important almost in the summer garden as the Zonal Pelargoniums or "Geraniums" were when carpet bedding was considered an artistic form of English gardening. Few flowers have yielded richer results through careful hybridisation, the aspect of the plant having undergone an agreeable change. Not many years ago growth was straggling, the flowers borne on thin stems, and both small and restricted in the range of colouring. No florist's flower, we may truthfully write, shows a more brilliant series of colours—intense crimson, bright rose, apricot, orange buff, pure white, and several shades so tender and charming that many decorators use them for the table. We are concerned now chiefly with the tuberous-rooted Begonias, which are more frequently planted in gardens than the fibrous kinds, although these are attractive too. The tuberous Begonia of to-day is sturdy in growth, leafy, with strong flower stems well thrown up above the foliage. Rain does not destroy the flower beauty so quickly as in the case of Pelargoniums, and we may obtain splendid effects when distinct varieties are grouped together.

### CULTURE OF THE BEGONIA.

As the plant enters largely into the summer garden, we thought readers of COUNTRY LIFE would be pleased to know something of its culture. Seedlings are far stronger in growth and flower with greater freedom than the old plants, hence stock should be raised annually to maintain satisfactory displays. We advise a sowing to be made now and another early in March, the plants from the first sown seed being ready for the garden in June. To achieve success generous treatment is essential, and always purchase seed from a reliable nurseryman. It does not pay to commence with seed that will not produce the sturdy and well-flowered plants we greatly desire.

### SOWING THE SEED.

Use seed pans rather than boxes for sowing, and employ for soil, leaf-mould passed through a fine sieve, light fibrous loam, and sharp silver sand. Mix these well together, and place in the bottom of the pan, which should not be much more than an inch in depth, some rough compost, such as the siftings of the soil. As a sheet of glass must be placed over the soil, allow sufficient space for that purpose. Before sowing, hold the pan in a pail of tepid water, which must soak up through the hole in the bottom, to preserve an even surface. Sow the seed very thinly, and distribute it evenly over the surface. Never water overhead, otherwise seed and soil will be washed into one place. Put on the glass, and plunge the pan in cocoa-nut-fibre refuse in a warm corner of the propagating house or stove. If a propagator is at hand, it may be used, maintaining a temperature of about 65deg. When the seedlings have each made about two leaves, transfer them to boxes an inch or so deep, and use similar soil to that recommended for the seed pans. Begonia seed germinates irregularly, so that the seed pan must not be set aside too soon, especially as the latest to germinate are often the most charming in colour.

### AFTER TREATMENT.

This consists in potting up the plants as more root space is required, shading from very hot suns to prevent the leaves scorching, and maintaining a moist atmosphere. As the planting-out season approaches, give more ventilation, to promote a thoroughly hardy and vigorous growth, which alone can withstand the trials of the British weather. Some may be reserved for pots, and tuberous Begonias make bright plants for the greenhouse and conservatory.

### THE FIBROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS

have of recent years undergone a manifest change. We hope that the colours will get still brighter, but as each year some noteworthy addition is made to the list, the colour range will soon extend. This type is different from the tuberous Begonia, being more leafy the flowers small, and produced in clusters, whilst the leaf colouring is, in some instances, as in *Crimson Gem*, of a rich bronzy shade. The plants are easily raised from seed.

### A SEASONABLE NOTE ON CARNATIONS.

Carnations must be kept perfectly clean at this season, and therefore look over the stock occasionally to remove dead and decaying leaves. As February approaches loosen the surface of the beds to maintain a sweet, open soil. Plants under glass will need a perfectly cool atmosphere. There must be no coddling system, and give air on all favourable occasions. As regards protection from frost, this is necessary if the plants have been watered, but the best plan is to keep the soil as dry as possible during the winter. Imperfectly rooted Carnations suffer greatly in winter, and many will succumb. But the novice in either outdoor or pot culture must not get disheartened. The Carnation and Picotee are very easy to grow, but occasionally collapse through disease or want of roots.

### THE GUELDER ROSES.

The flowering of the *Laurustinus* (*Viburnum Tinus*) reminds us of the family to which it belongs, the *Viburnums*, not the least charming of which is the graceful *Guelder Rose* (*V. Opulus* var. *sterile*). The British *Viburnums* are the wayfaring tree (*V. Lantana*) and the common *Guelder Rose* (*V. Opulus*), the red fruit of which surprises and charms us in autumn. In Norway the bushes are aglow with colour and create splendid effects. A beautiful shrub is the Chinese *Guelder Rose* (*V. plicatum*), which is happily becoming more common in British gardens. It differs greatly from the snowball tree, the growth being spreading, the leaves wrinkled and deep green, and almost hidden in summer days beneath a wealth of ivory-white flower-heads. This is the kind of shrub to make a bold group of on the outskirts of the lawn. *V. macrophyllum* is another handsome kind.

### THE CREEPING FORGET-ME-NOT.

We are always pleased to find the rich blue creeping *Forget-me-not* (*Omphalodes verna*) in gardens. It will flourish in almost any moist shady spot, enjoying the shelter of a hedge, or running freely by woodland walks. Where there are many *Rhododendrons* and shrubby groups, the *Omphalodes* will succeed when planted near to them, the intense blue flowers, like those of the well-known *Forget-me-not* in form, appearing in profusion in the early spring. The white variety is less decided and attractive than the type.



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